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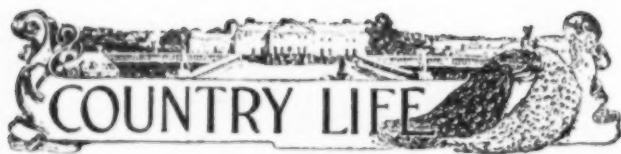
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MME. LALLIE CHARLES,

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.

39a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

A CENSUS OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION.

AT the present moment farmers are puzzling themselves over a set of official papers which have been sent out to them for the purpose of being filled in. The questions are more detailed—not to say more inquisitorial—than any that have previously been addressed to the same class. We all know what the ostensible object is of the Census of Production; but it is obvious that if the figures can be collected, they will serve many other purposes. At least, they would do so if there was the slightest hope of their being correct. But he would be an optimist who believed that the English farmer is capable of rendering an exact account of the matters concerning which he is asked. To find an accurate book-keeper is a rare exception to the general rule. The questions concerning poultry will serve to illustrate our meaning. The farmer is asked to state the head of poultry in his possession at the moment when the return is made, and also the number that have been sent to market or killed for private use during the year. Furthermore, one of the questions is directed to ascertaining the total number of eggs produced on the farm. In a single instance that came within our observation we saw the schedule filled in correctly and complete in every detail. But it is safe to say that not one farmer in a hundred could tell how many eggs were sold off his holding during the past twelve months. He does not as a rule give any personal attention to the matter, but leaves the poultry as a perquisite to his wife—in other words, as a means of purchasing an extra dress or paying for a holiday at the seaside. As to making a note day after day of the number of eggs laid by his fowls, the idea has not entered his head. It is the same with those he sends to market. Many of his chickens are sold to the local butcher, who makes a bid for them when they happen to be in demand. A really frugal and thrifty housewife occasionally earmarks the money thus obtained in order to devote it to a special purpose, and so a rough record remains. But in the majority of cases no account whatever is kept of what are regarded as insignificant sales. The Board of Agriculture has long been aware of this state of things, and consequently no

serious attempt has been made to obtain for England those statistics in regard to poultry which are collected in Ireland.

We hear it said that poultry-keeping has increased to a very large extent, and that the production both of chickens and eggs must have swollen enormously during the last quarter of a century, but there are no means of proving or disproving the statement. We can tell that the poultry imports have gone on increasing year by year, but our own production has never been measured. Nor do we believe that the feat will be accomplished now. However willing the farmers may be to accede to the wishes of those in authority, they have not the information to give, and thus are driven either to withholding replies altogether, or to set them down by guesswork. Before any return then is made, it is safe to discount it as inaccurate. That, however, is only true of the first attempt. It has been a revelation to many engaged in agriculture that they should be expected to keep a record of these details of their work. It also shows them that certain very great advantages would flow from more careful book-keeping; and probably if the census were repeated at an interval of a year, or even two years, much fuller and more trustworthy information would be forthcoming. Of course, though we have used the expression "poultry," it will be understood that the census distinguishes between chickens and the other inhabitants of the poultry-yard, such as turkeys, ducks, geese and guinea-hens, concerning all of which particulars are urgently wanted.

In regard to horses the enquiries are not so novel, but they are very important. The ordinary questions are asked concerning the animals over one year and under one year old, and those which are kept for work and for stud purposes, but an additional enquiry of very great importance is added in regard to the number of horses that at a pinch might be available for army purposes. If these facts could be got together with a fair amount of accuracy, they might serve the Government well at a pinch. The mere setting of them down incites the farmer to a realisation of the fact that in horse-breeding he may find a safe and lucrative branch of his general business. The Shire or the half-bred may at any moment be required by an army which has both to mount officers and men and have its heavy guns and waggons hauled from one place to another. It will probably be a couple of years at least before these returns are digested and made into Blue Books, and it is highly desirable that in the meantime some steps should be taken to check the figures. If these data are worth gathering at all, it would be foolish to spare the little expense necessary to render them accurate and complete. The Census of Production has left very little out of account, and concerning pigs, sheep and other animals of the farm searching and interesting enquiries are made, so that in the end a great mass of information is likely to be gathered. It would be useless to deny, however, that there is one serious difficulty in the way. The British farmer hitherto has been accustomed to conduct his business without telling too much of it to his neighbour, and he is not at all delighted with the idea of having to disclose his private concerns. In fact, one hears at markets and places where they foregather that all these questions are being asked with the ultimate idea of using them for the purpose of increased taxation. This may sound absurd to those who sit in Government offices and have no true conception of the individuals to whom the papers go, but the actual living farmer is aware that we are writing nothing but the unexaggerated truth. There are very many men most reluctant to supply the particulars requested. Those who are responsible for the Census of Production ought to take an early and effective means of reassuring them. We remember that some general statement was sent out to this effect, but it was not sufficient. There ought to be a conspicuous notice on each paper informing those to whom it is directed that no consequences, legal or otherwise, will follow to them from the fact of their having given the information asked. This is the only method by which to obtain statistics worth having. The object of the whole enquiry is, as we understand, to gain information. It will be for politicians and statesmen afterwards to build theories and Acts of Parliament upon the facts; but before that point is reached the most effective means should be taken for getting rid of all suspicion and reluctance on the part of those to whom the papers are addressed.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.R.H. the Duchess of Connaught. Her Royal Highness is the daughter of H.R.H. Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, and her marriage to H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was celebrated in 1879.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



COUNTRY NOTES.

DURING the past week there has not been published any item of news that has given greater pleasure to Englishmen than the announcement that New Zealand had offered to defray the expense of building a battleship. The cause of satisfaction is not that we are dependent on Colonial aid. The title of *Mistress of the Seas*, won for Great Britain by a succession of famous seamen from the times of Drake and Frobisher to those of Nelson and Collingwood, is one to which the Mother Country is always prepared to make good her claim by the strength of her own right hand. The supremacy is no merely titular one, but must be vindicated whenever challenged. Why we feel gratified by the New Zealand offer is primarily because it shows that those kith and kin of ours, though so far away, are still animated by the spirit and courage that distinguished their forefathers. It is a reminder, too, that the material and other interests of the King's dominions beyond the seas are identical with our own. They are daughter nations ready to make common cause with their Mother. New Zealand has had the honour of showing the way, but other parts of the Empire are prepared to follow.

It seems in every way likely that steps will be taken to make Rosyth very different from the ordinary ship-building ports and dockyard towns. We all know the latter with their ill-planned streets and congeries of most ordinary and repulsive-looking houses. The formation of a naval base at Rosyth will give an opportunity that can only occur at rare intervals of forming a town according to a preconceived and well-thought-out plan. Many deputations have approached the Government for the purpose, and Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, in addressing the London Fife Association, went far to give an assurance that Rosyth should be a model town. He happened, he said, "to have been at the back of interviews and negotiations, and I am able to affirm that the position of the Government with regard to the development of the land in and around Rosyth is wholly favourable to the creation if possible, and on as large scale as possible, of a garden city community, rather than that of a slum industrial centre." We are sure that the ships will not be built with any less care because the workers are housed decently and in pleasing surroundings.

Agriculture and the country at large have suffered a great loss in the death of Wilbraham Egerton, the first Earl Egerton of Tatton, which took place last week at Bordighera. Alike in his career and his interests he was a typical country gentleman. His father before him had represented North Cheshire in Parliament, and he sat for that constituency from 1858 to 1868, when he was elected for Mid-Cheshire, which he continued to represent till 1883, when he succeeded to the peerage. His interest in agriculture, and particularly Shire horses, is too fresh in our memory to need any comment. Lord Egerton owned a great deal of land in Cheshire and Lancashire, and to this he added not so very long ago a property in Norfolk. He was a zealous Churchman and a supporter of education, while no one was more alive to the responsibilities of land-ownership than he. Cheshire has produced many land-owners of very high type, and certainly Lord Egerton has obtained for himself a place among the best of them.

Mr. H. C. C. Mortensen's letter in another part of the paper will be read with very great interest, as it gives an epitome of the work now being done in the way of marking birds so as to ascertain the places to which they migrate and their line of

flight. Last year a very interesting experiment of this kind was carried out in Hungary. It was decided to use aluminium rings of five different sizes suitable for swallows, gulls, ducks, herons and storks. The stamp had the name of the place and a distinguishing number on it. The help was obtained of the various classes of people who were likely to take an interest in the identification of the birds, such as land proprietors, sportsmen, game-keepers and farmers. About 1 per cent. of the 1,064 birds liberated up to the end of 1908 have been taken up; but an experiment of this kind is sure to become more successful as it attains wider publicity. To work it thoroughly there must be co-operation between the naturalists of many different countries, and we could conceive of nothing more interesting than the task of organising them in such a manner that a marked bird could at once be identified wherever it was captured. The various ornithological societies, by working together, could easily ensure this.

Mr. Lloyd-George, as if anticipating the criticism on the afforestation scheme at the Society of Arts on Wednesday night, showed considerable dubiety and hesitation in replying to the deputation which waited on him on Monday. He confessed himself to have been alarmed at the recommendation of the Coast Erosion Committee with regard to the two millions a year which will be required to carry it out. With an air of flippancy which was evidently meant to conceal a serious criticism, he ironically confessed to having been encouraged by the fact that the bill would have to be paid by his great-great-grandson. He agreed that it would be necessary to go through a period of probation before an experiment of that kind could be attempted with good hope of success. The net amount of what he foreshadowed in the immediate future was the establishment of forestry schools and the holding of demonstrations in different parts of the country, so that if an Afforestation Commission were appointed it would be able to judge as to the best method of proceeding in different parts of the country. In the final portion of his speech he said that he and his colleagues were "considering the matter," but that they had not yet arrived at any decision.

ELLEN PEEL.

Her thin hair, white as cottongrass,
Was thick and bracken-red
When, two score years since, but a lass,
With Michael Peel she wed.

And, though her eyes are bright and brown,
Like peat-brown waters still,
As when she stitched her bridal-gown
So fine with flounce and frill,

Her body, once a sapling tree,
Is now a twisted thorn:
And housed in many homesteads be
The children she has borne.

Her Goodman tends the grey flocks yet,
Though weatherworn and old,
And warped by winter wind and wet,
And watchings at the fold.

For he has braved the brunt of storm,
And all the winds that blow,
To keep the yearlings safe and warm,
And shield them from the snow.

And, in the cottage by the burn,
Her daily work is done—
To scrub, and bake, and milk, and churn
From dawn till set of sun.

And in her home among the hills,
As girl and trusty wife,
Her heart has known the joys and ills
That go to make up life.

She has had troubles of her own,
And spells of dark distress;
And yet, her kindly heart has known
A deal of happiness—

Has known love's tenderness, and bliss
Of babies at the breast;
And, though no task e'er came amiss,
She waits the day of rest—

The day she need not lift her head,
Nor draw a patient breath;
Nor rise at dawn from off the bed
Of bridal, birth and death.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

Evidently members of the Government are realising that there is a highly speculative element in the calculations submitted to them by the Coast Erosion Committee and those who support the scheme put forward. If a private landowner is timid about planting on a comparatively modest scale, it is just as well that the Government should think

twice before doing so over an enormous area. In this connection it would be interesting to have an unbiassed and well-informed report upon what is being done at Inverliever. We are given to understand that planting is being carried out there with more zeal than skill. Is it true that cottages are built too far away from the centres of work, that no proper plan was made before planting began, and that the work is not being done by skilled labour? These rumours do not come from casual visitors, but from skilled foresters who have been over the ground.

Two problems connected with poultry-keeping emerge very clearly from the circumstances of the present time. Every early spring there is a scarcity of chickens, but this year it is much more pronounced than usual, and in consequence prices have risen very considerably. This is aggravating to those who are engaged in the industry. The majority of them sold out their stock at or before Christmas, and now possess no means of meeting the demand. Prices are never at their highest while the shooting season lasts, as then the chicken has to compete with the partridge and the pheasant. Those who try to meet the market do not take this sufficiently into account. The usual practice is to employ the incubator during the early months of the year, with the result that from June up to December there is a very full supply. Evidently, however, the poultry-keeper would score if he were able to hatch his chickens in the autumn and have them ready for market during Lent. The extra price would more than recompense him for the additional trouble involved.

The other problem is in regard to the most marketable size for chickens, and here, curiously enough, we have to go to America for our cue. The English poultry-keeper has in the past followed his own pleasure in regard to the size of fowls, sending them out at any weight from 1½ lb. to 6 lb., according as they have been left to fend for themselves or have been carefully fattened. Some time ago, however, the American Government sent to every town in England representatives who purchased birds, weighed them and thence drew an inference as to the average taste of the British buyer. Roughly speaking, the preference was for a bird of 3 lb. weight, and probably this is the most economical to produce. During the game season, however, it might certainly be worth a poultry-keeper's while to put an extra pound on his birds. The average weight of a pheasant is about 2½ lb., and many householders buy them when they are at 5s. or 5s. 6d. a brace. Now if for that season the poultry-keeper could produce birds weighing 4 lb. and sell them at the same price as pheasants, it is probable that the extra amount of meat given would secure him at least an equal share of custom.

The Thistle triumphed over the Rose in the Rugby Union match at Richmond last Saturday by eighteen points to eight. The Scotsmen well deserved their victory. Their forwards, though not showing very skilful dribbling, made ground by hard rushes again and again. Every man worked like a Scotsman, and in the later stages there were generally three of them, to one of their opponents, on the ball. Mr. Tennant, the half, behind such a pack had the opportunity of a lifetime, and took it. In spite, however, of the utter inability of the English backs to do anything right after half-time, we shall look forward to seeing the same three-quarters playing together again. Twice they tackled high and missed their men in consequence—for that there was no excuse; but in the earlier stages of the game they showed dash, initiative and resourcefulness; the insides made ground, and if they will only practise passing at the head instead of giving "yorkers," their pace should enable them to turn the tables another year.

In a local paper sent to us from the North of England, we noticed the other day some comments by a matter-of-fact police officer that furnish an unexpected comment on the working of the Old Age Pensions Act. It will be known to many of our readers that in the month of March are held the hiring markets that correspond to the "statis," "mops" and other fairs in the South of England. They are for the purpose of engaging agricultural labourers for the twelve months beginning from May 12th. The police officer in question was being asked about the unusual number of drunk and incapable persons who were brought before the magistrate on the Monday succeeding the Saturday hirings. There was a very noteworthy increase over the number brought forward on similar occasions during the last few years; in fact, the hirings, which used to be made the occasion of much dissipation, have for the last decade and more been marked by an increase of sobriety. This year, however, the rate of progress was arrested, and a large number of cases had to be dealt with. The police officer explained this occurrence by saying that it was all due to the Old Age Pensions. They were paid on the Friday before the hirings, and the results were that the publicans seemed to have reaped a considerable

amount of benefit from them. The fact is lamentable; but no doubt when the old people have become accustomed to the receipt of their weekly allowance they will not spend it so recklessly.

Seldom has a more thrilling account of travel reached this country than has been despatched by Lieutenant Shackleton from Half Moon Bay. He has approached 340 miles nearer the South Pole than the point attained by Captain Scott in December, 1902. The point on which he planted the flag given him by Queen Victoria was only 111 miles from the Pole. A party of the explorers climbed with their equipment to an altitude altogether of 11,000 ft. and explored the crater of Mount Erebus, the great Antarctic volcano. Mount Erebus was very active in June. Preparations were made for the great journey southward in October and November, and on November 26th they reached the point at which Captain Scott had to stop. How difficult the progress must have been after that may be judged from the fact that on December 6th the surface was so crevassed that it took the whole day to get 600 yds. forward. It was on January 9th that they reached an altitude of 88 deg. 23 min. and a longitude of 162 deg. East, the most southerly point ever reached. Here no mountains were to be seen, but a great plain stretched away to the south. While this was being done, another party reached the Magnetic Pole in the vicinity of 72 deg. 25 min. latitude.

A FAREWELL.

I've waited through the long years,
And now at last I find
An unlatched gate, a beck'ning fate,
A roadway to my mind.
To you I'll blow
A kiss or so,
Dear comrade of my heart.
A word, no more,
Outside your door,
And straight will I depart.
Away across the wide world,
Set fast in heaving seas,
All tossed with foam
By winds that roam
Lie the Hesperides.
One pledge I'll leave
Lest you should grieve,
O faithful friend and sweet,
Then wend afar
By morning star
With the dawn dews round my feet.

I'm weary of a country
Where none have time to make
Of joy or dole,
To ease the soul,
A song for singing's sake.
Yet since this place
Must keep your face,
O earliest love I knew,
I'll turn to sigh,
As I go by
The road that leads from you.

MAUDE GOLDRING.

The carnation is not nowadays a flower of the summer—it is with us the year round. A most interesting display was to be seen in the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall at Westminster on Wednesday last, and this, too, in the late days of March. Only a low temperature is necessary to bring the plants to perfection, and these are, therefore, for all who love their gardens. Those who cannot harbour them in glasshouses can do so in the border, owing to their hardy growth. It is the new kinds in which one is most interested, and Black Chief is one of the floral sensations of the year. It is well named; the flower is richer even than the Old Clove in colour and the scent is decided. Other beautiful kinds were White Perfection, perhaps the most perfect in form of the carnations, and Lady Dainty, white, with purple stripes and fringed petals.

Recent conditions of weather have been much against any continuance of the good sport in spring salmon angling. At the very beginning of the season it became evident that fish had taken advantage of the favourable state of the water during the greater part of the winter and had run up in numbers. Doubtless those numbers are still there, but sport has been impossible during most of the earlier part of March. A salmon of 50 lb. has been taken on the rod near Castle Connell, and this is by far the finest fish recorded, although a few good ones have been caught in Scottish rivers, several fine fish in the Hampshire Avon, where salmon always run large, and a

27-pounder in the Frome. As yet nothing can be said for the trout, though the unusually heavy flush of water, with the food it must have brought down with it, should be all in their favour, and they should be found in fine condition in a few weeks' time.

Protection of fruit from the birds, by netting, is from every point of view better than the very doubtful cure of shooting the birds. Not only humanity, but also utility demands their preservation. If we require an object-lesson, we may take it from those unfortunate instances in which people have been ill-advised enough to put up a permanent structure of wire-netting over their strawberry-beds. Unless access is given to the birds these enclosures become nests of insect vermin. This year we have been trying the experiment of netting pyramid fruit trees of the height of 10ft. or so, to protect the buds from the bullfinches and tits. There is a difficulty about netting trees of this height—not in getting the nets on, but in getting them off without breaking the buds. Also, it is almost impossible to avoid tearing the netting. Up to 10ft. or so in height it is possible, however, to net trees, but not much higher. We can hardly look to netting for the salvation of Kentish

cherry orchards. It may be that we shall find the ultimate solution to be growing all our fruit trees low, so that netting may effectively protect them at reasonable cost and trouble. It is cheap, and need not be of such fine mesh that the birds cannot pass through. A wide-mesh net keeps them away.

At the recent annual meeting of the Midland Reafforesting Association, Sir Oliver Lodge, speaking from the presidential chair, was able to give a very satisfactory account of the association's work, although little additional planting had been done in the year specially under review. What was eminently satisfactory was the good condition of the tracts already planted and the growth of the young plantations. It afforded, as the Mayor of Birmingham observed, a valuable object-lesson to show that the Black Country could be successfully treated in this manner. A resolution was passed by the meeting calling on the Government to act in accordance with the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Afforestation. Every lover of the beauty of the country must rejoice in the prospect of seeing what are now unsightly and useless areas of black refuse converted into flourishing and, eventually, remunerative woodland.

OF DAFFODILS.

Daffy down Dilly has come up to Town
In her yellow petticoat and her green gown.

—Old Nursery Rhyme

"**H**E that hath two cakes of bread, let him sell one of them for some flowers of the Narcissus, for bread is food for the body, but Narcissus is food for the soul." So said the prophet Mahomet, and his advice was wise, though few could carry out in its fulness such a counsel of perfection. Yet the most careless of souls has a welcome for the flowers of spring, and the daffodil, "that comes before the swallow dares," holds a foremost place

among them. Nearly 300 years ago, in 1629, John Parkinson, the King's herbalist, wrote of the confusion that existed in catalogues of their names, because so few people could distinguish the true daffodil from the false, that is the narcissus, from what he called the pseudo-narcissus. "To cause you to understand the difference between a true daffodil and a false," he says, "is this: it consisteth only in the flower—and chiefly in the middle cup or chalice. Thus the Bastard Daffodill hath a middle cup altogether as long, and sometimes a little longer than the outer leaves that doe encompass it, so that it seemeth rather like a trunk or long nose than a cup or chalice, such as almost all the narcissi or true Daffodils have" ("Paradisus terrestris").

Parkinson had his own way of dividing the groups, and his division is the same as that now used by scientific botanists, with this difference—that the group he called "bastard daffodills," or pseudo-narcissi, are now called the Magni Coronati, with long crowns or trumpets, the true daffodils. The second group which he called the true daffodils, with crowns or cups of medium size, we call the Medio Coronati, chalice flowers or star narcissi; and the third group which Parkinson includes among the true daffodils, with short crowns of a flat saucer-like shape, we call the Parvi Coronati, or true narcissi. He noticed the difference, because he says that some of them have "their middle cup so small, we rather call it a crown than a cup"; but evidently he did not consider that the variation was important enough to make into a group by themselves. John Gerard, who wrote a little earlier than Parkinson, divides his daffodils, after the fashion of the old botanists, into two sorts, "according to Dioscorides," who flourished some few years before Christ. Gerard's division was by their colours; he says, "the flowers of both are white, the one having in the middle a purple circle or coronet, the other with a yellow cup, circle or coronet." He adds (and certainly there had been time in over 1,600 years) that, "since then there have been sundry others described."

The recognised type flower of pseudo-narcissus, which we call the true daffodil, is the wild daffodil of England. They are generally yellow; but white varieties have been found in Oxfordshire and Dorsetshire. Nowadays varieties of fine daffodils are common enough. It is possible to buy a 20-guinea bulb and also to buy a thousand good sound flowering bulbs for 1½ guineas. To enumerate half the varieties mentioned in one of the spring catalogues would need pages. Gerard described twenty-four sorts in his "Herbal," and Parkinson's list



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. "WHEN SPRING COMES LAUGHING."

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J. M. Whitehead. CERNUUS PLENUS.

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rose to nearly a hundred, yet Gerard counted among them the Fritillaria as chequered daffodils, and what he calls the Persian Daffodil and the Great Winter Daffodil are, from his woodcut, crocuses. He has some pretty names for them, such as Primrose Pearles and the Milke White Daffodil; but Parkinson outstrips him as he outstrips a modern bulb catalogue. Who would not like to have in his garden the Primrose Peerlesse, the Purple Winged, the Starry Purple Winged, the Great Yellow of Africa, the Early French, the Lesser Barbary, the Yellow Turkie, the Great White Sea Daffodil, the Great Yellow Spanish, or John Tradescant his Great Rose Daffodil? These names have nearly all vanished to make way for Sir Watkin, C. H. Curtis, Eileen Mitchell, Admiral Togo, Fanny Mason, John Davidson, Peter Barr, Lord Roberts and all the rest of them. Though we know that Peter Barr is "the King of White Trumpet Daffodils," it has not the graceful sound of "John Tradescant his Great Rose Daffodil." Barr can still supply Gerard's double-flowered Lent Lily, though Gerard himself would hardly have recognised it, and Parkinson's Rose-flowered Daffodil, though Parkinson was careful to call it Tradescant's. The Primrose Peerlesse can also be bought still, one of the least expensive of all the golden tribe, at 30s. per 1,000. Thus time turns its wheel and everything has its day, even a daffodil:

This Season's Daffodil,
She never hears,
What change, what chance, what chill
Cut down last year's;
But with bold countenance
And knowledge small,
Esteems her seven days' continuance
To be perpetual.

—Rudyard Kipling.

Of the growing of daffodils there is no end; it has become a science. There are numerous special daffodil societies and a narcissus committee of the Royal Horticultural Society. The old botanists formed a society of their own, and the whole Company of Apothecaries went out "herbarizing" together. They were always talking and writing about their plants and sending one another specimens, and were tenacious of the honour of being connected with any new kind they had found or new flower they had grown. Gerard or Parkinson or John Tradescant himself would have been grieved if his name were forgotten when his own particular daffodil was remembered; and it is sad to find that John Tradescant's name does not appear in Barr's list. His Great Rose Daffodil is called Parkinson's, or *Plenissimus*.

Tradescant's name is yet preserved in the *Tradescantia*, or Virginian spider-wort, too little known as it is. It would be hard to count the varieties of named daffodils now, and there are new ones every year, though Parkinson thought he had made an exhaustive list when he named 100, and in 1710 Miller's "Dictionary of Gardening" gives 150. But Parkinson's 100 were the ancestors of nearly all the rest. Even the Queen of Spain, which Mr. Barr brought back so proudly from that country, belongs probably to a collateral branch of Parkinson's Great Spanish Yellow.

There are still a few modern names left that strike the fancy among the J. T. Bennett Poes, the Sir Stafford Northcotes and the C. J. Backhouses, such as the white and the yellow Hoop Petticoats, the Cloth of Gold, the Lady of the Snows, the Golden Rose, the Orange Phoenix, the Codlins and Cream, the Sisterhood, the little Angel's Tears, the old Pheasant's Eye; but in most cases there is anxiety that the grower or the discoverer should be remembered, rather than that the name in itself should bring before us something of the splendour or the grace of the flower. It is true that it might be hard to find appropriate names for 400 varieties, and it cannot be denied that a daffodil will be as graceful and shine as gloriously in panoply of gold and green, it will be as fresh of scent, as grateful to the eyes, if it be called C. J. Backhouse or Primrose Peerlesse. Nevertheless, Parkinson had the right instinct as flower-lover and artist when he said that "Daffodils, being brought without names, we have given them names according to their face and fashion" ("Paradisus"). The meanest and poorest garden will grow daffodils; they are not proud flowers; unlike the tulip, which is described by a writer of the seventeenth century as "a queenly flower that asketh a rich soil and the hand of a lover." Daffodils will run riot in a wood, fill a



J. M. Whitehead.

STAR NARCISSI.

Copyright.

ditch, glorify a princely garden or shine like a ray of sunshine even if sown but thriftily in the plot of a suburban villa or a back-yard. Mr. William Robinson, the author of that modern classic, "The English Flower Garden," describes what he has done with a wood: "Four years ago I cleared a little valley of various fences. Through this runs a streamlet, and we grouped the poet's narcissi near it, also in a little orchard that lay near, and through a grove of oaks. This year the whole landscape was a picture such as one might see in an alpine valley." It may not be out of place to remark here that early planting and liberal culture are especially recommended for the poet's daffodils. The *Narcissus tazetta* can be traced back into very dark ages, as dry specimens have been found in Egyptian mummy-cases nearly 4,000 years old. It is now supposed that this variety, rather than the Pheasant's Eye, is the true poet's narcissus. The story from Ovid shows how it came to be called the poet's flower, and now perhaps it owes its origin to the beautiful *Narcissus* who was loved by the maiden Echo, but who cared only for the face he could see mirrored in the clear water of the stream by which he sat always, until his longing became too great for him to bear, so that he plunged at last into the river to find the face that he had seen there. "And the voice of Echo was heard no more, for she sat in silence by the river-side, and a beautiful flower came up close to it. Its white blossoms drooped over the bank of Cephisos, where *Narcissus* had sat and looked down into its clear water, and the people of the land called the plant after his name."

EDITH KEATE.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

POET'S NARCISSUS.

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A SPECULATION IN TIMBER.

IT is generally known that experts in afforestation, after they have had time to give consideration to the scheme produced by the Erosion Committee, are not so favourable to it as was the general public on its promulgation. Expression to the feeling of those who know best was given by Dr. Nisbet at the meeting of the Royal Society of Arts on Wednesday, March 24th. He is one of those who have consistently advocated judicious planting, and who, therefore, would, *prima facie*, be inclined to support any sound and well-considered proposal. The more important are the objections which he raises to the one before the country. First and foremost we would place the fact that he considers the scheme to be a speculative one. A very great outlay will be necessary in the first instance, and the expected returns are based on what the lecturer very properly calls actuarial calculations, which have no practical value, because "they deal with conditions and timber-crops which do not exist." He goes on to remark with a severity that is not uncalled for that these calculations are little better "than the usual prospectuses issued by vendors of concessions when floating speculative companies. If such calculations, based upon vague data, always came true, there would never be insolvent joint-stock companies or bankrupt tradesmen, for reasonable business men only embark on ventures that give fair promise of being profitable, and the nation will be unwise to risk an investment of either one or two millions every year for the next sixty years merely upon the hope of having very profitable money returns from eighty years hence onwards." The Erosion Committee did not base this forecast upon figures relating to England, but upon German data, of which something must be said hereafter.

But first let it be noted how the elements of chance enter. Take, for instance, a heavy gale, such as the one which wrecked the Tay Bridge at Christmas, 1879. A similar gale blew down the trees in Perthshire in November, 1893, and in 1903 the woodlands of Ireland were damaged by a similar gale. Thus realisation of the brilliant dream of the Commission is to some extent, at least, dependent

upon weather. But another element that must be taken into consideration is the chance of the outbreak of an epidemic of fungous diseases, such as larch canker, "to the development and spread of which our comparatively mild, humid and equable climate is even more favourable than it undoubtedly also is to the growth of timber trees." That, it seems to us, is the strongest objection which can be brought against the plan of afforestation as it is set forth in the Report of the Royal Commission. But it forms only a part of Dr. Nisbet's indictment. If the scheme were adopted, the country would be pledged to an outlay of two millions annually, or in the alternative, if the more modest proposal were accepted, of one million a year. Now a reason that undoubtedly influenced the proposers was the chance that would be afforded of finding work for the unemployed. But in recommending that they went directly against the recommendation of the Irish Forestry Committee, who were unanimously of opinion that afforestation would not prove a remedy for the chronic unemployment in Ireland. It has also to be remembered that the work is not very suitable for the feeble folk who are the first to get out of work. Planting trees on windswept waste lands in autumn and spring cannot

be very suitable for the elderly, the weakly and the least skilful and energetic. That Dr. Nisbet and the experts do not stand alone in their opinion is proved by the fact that the Glasgow Distress Committee on February 23rd, 1909, resolved that it would not be represented at any interview with the Secretary for Scotland regarding a national scheme for afforestation. A point made by Dr. Nisbet is that, though many examples of profitable forestry in Britain were quoted in the Report, the failures were not mentioned. Even the successes, as we have said, are calculated on German data; and Dr. Nisbet points out that if German results are to be appealed to, we should not go to Saxony, but to Prussia, "which has much greater affinity to Britain so far as regards its northern climate, its partial seaboard and its great stretches of poor moor and heather land, with a scanty population, although Prussia, too, has large areas of splendid spruce forests (Harz) and rich oak and beech (Solling, Ems, Weser, etc.). During the four quinquennial periods from 1877 to 1896 the average net income per acre per annum for the Prussian State forests was 3.7, 4.1, 4.9 and 5.1 shillings; and though it is larger now than then, it does not necessarily follow that British plantations on waste lands and poor grazing tracts will either equal or surpass in net income the profit earned in Prussia from twelve to seventeen years ago."

Dr. Nisbet showed that three main points have to be taken into consideration before the proposal can be carried out, namely, (1) money, (2) land and (3) labour and supervision. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has enough to do—during the present year, at all events—to provide for old age pensions, the Navy and other purposes, without borrowing for forestry purposes. In regard to land, the Commission estimated that 6,000,000 acres are obtainable in Scotland, 2,500,000 acres in England and Wales and 500,000 in Ireland, making 9,000,000 acres in all. Dr. Nisbet, himself a Scotsman, trenchantly criticises the figures: "The land area of Scotland is only 19,069,770 acres, while that of Ireland is 20,327,947 acres; and to suppose that there is about twelve times as much plantable land in Scotland as in Ireland is incorrect, while it is equally wrong to imagine that nearly one-third of the total area of Scotland is "plantable" with profit. Over 3,500,000 acres are above the 1,500ft. contour, and to assert that nearly two-fifths of all the rest is waste land or poor pasture "plantable" with profit must seem strange to those well acquainted with the Scottish hills and moors. Even in the most favoured localities timber-growing can seldom prove profitable as high as 1,000ft.; and if all the land above that elevation be subtracted, then it will probably be found that 6,000,000 acres represents quite an irrational proportion of the remaining land less suitable for agricultural occupation than for forestry. And as most of the poor land

below 1,000ft. to 1,200ft. forms winter pastures for sheep stocks, it that be taken for afforestation the whole grazing industry will become dislocated." He goes on to deal with the compulsory powers of purchase which it is suggested should be given to the Government, and then scathingly criticises the statement

of Mr. John Burns that a national scheme of afforestation is "a subject that did not require legislation of an elaborate sort." The proposal to expropriate for the purpose of afforestation about one-third of the land of Scotland would never be allowed to pass without a vast amount of discussion.

WILD LIFE IN LONDON.

A LETTER which we published from Mr. Arthur C. Martin in our issue of March 13th has called forth an amount of correspondence which shows how greatly London people are interested in the natural history of the parks, gardens and open spaces of the metropolis. No one who has not lived in London would believe the extent to which the wild birds and little wild animals are to be found in close proximity to the streets. In some ways, indeed, natural history can be more effectively studied in London than in the country, because birds, when they approach the great centres of population, lose some of their shyness. The wood-pigeon, for example, is a most difficult bird for sportsmen to approach in the country, and farmers who have suffered from its depredations regard it as being pre-eminently "the wily one"; but in Hyde Park or the Temple Gardens the wood-pigeon is as tame as the London sparrow. The wild duck in the country, too, is well able to take care of itself when shooters are abroad; but it nests peaceably in the pollards near the Serpentine and grows fat on the crumbs thrown to it. At Wanstead and Richmond there are heronries; the little grebe comes to the London ponds; the coot and wild hen nest in the parks; and, as our correspondents show, a multitude of birds visit the green places of London, or nest there in the proper season. We have thought it might interest our readers to bring together a selection of the letters sent us illustrating the character of the feathered life that may be seen and studied in the London open spaces.

IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

SIR,—In his letter on the above subject, Mr. Martin suggests that perhaps other readers could add to the list of wild birds which he has seen in the London parks. St. James's Park, which I pass through almost every day, contains some wild birds not in his list, e.g., the magpie (breeds regularly), dabchick (breeds regularly; I have seen the nest and the young), redstart (once only, in spring), wren (once only, in winter), smew—a female spent about three weeks on the ornamental waters in the spring of 1907; she always kept company with a pair of tufted duck, possibly because the plumage of the drake may have seemed to her to resemble the plumage of the male of her own species; she then migrated to the Serpentine, where she remained for some weeks more, there associating herself with a pair of common pochard, which were, I believe, wild, unpinioned birds. It is interesting to note that Yarrell (I believe it is—I have not the book by me) mentions that a wild male smew lived for two years on the ornamental waters in St. James's Park towards the end of the eighteenth century. I believe many of the pochard in St. James's Park are wild, as their numbers increase in winter. The water-hen is also wild (and nests) both in St. James's Park and Hyde Park. Redwings frequented St. James's Park in large numbers in the spring of 1907 and a few came in 1908. Chaffinches are almost always to be seen between November and March in St. James's Park. I counted thirteen in sight at one time to-day (March 16th). The pied wagtail is not uncommon and I have once seen a grey wagtail. I think the spotted flycatcher nests every year in Hyde Park; at least, a pair are to be seen all the summer through every year at the east end of the Serpentine. It is curious that while I have never seen the house-martin in St. James's Park, the swift, swallow and sand-martin appear there at times. In the very year (1908) when Mr. Martin noted the absence of sand-martins from the Round Pond, I watched a pair on June 20th for half-an-hour on the Serpentine, cruising up and down in the sunshine among the boats, a great many of which were out on the water.—W. M. CROOK.

IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

SIR,—I heartily agree with your correspondent in his remarks upon London bird-life. To his list I add the following recently seen by myself, also in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens: Sparrow-hawk, kestrel, little grebe, kingfisher, goldfinch, bullfinch, brambling, linnet, redwing, wrens (resident), long-tailed tit and heron. Rooks also visit the parks from adjoining squares where they nest. There are three, if not as originally four, herons in the gardens, and practically every evening visiting birds may be seen arriving at dusk. Mention of herons naturally is suggestive of fish, and I cannot refrain from expressing surprise that, when the greater portion of the water was netted, out of 10,000 fish obtained the largest was a roach of 6oz. Fish have been obtained to my knowledge from the Serpentine between 1lb. and 2lb. in weight; and on February 12th last I saw two fine eels at the back of the Pumping House, Kensington Gardens, and this piece of water is connected with the Serpentine. At a conservative estimate the eels must have weighed 2½lb. and 3½lb. respectively. Reverting, however, to the original subject of this letter. The following birds, to my personal knowledge, nest in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens: Wood-pigeon, starling, jackdaw, carrion crow, house-sparrow, blackbird, song-thrush, missel-thrush, robin, spotted flycatcher, blue and big tits. I have not seen the long-tailed tit for quite a twelvemonth, but in the neighbourhood of Kensington Palace they were not infrequently at one time to be seen. Possibly the removal of the hot-houses from that spot may have some connection with the birds' disappearance. I believe that in 1906 a chaffinch nested near Speke's Monument, and also that a willow-wren has built for the last two successive seasons between that point and the Serpentine. The brown owl is also resident in Kensington Gardens, one pair near the Palace breeding near by, I fancy. Respecting the record of a pheasant mentioned by your correspondent, I expect that the bird was one of about a dozen young reared in the Kensington Gardens in 1907; but only two survived about a year, and the last survivor should have been killed long before, as it suffered from chronic scaly legs and cut a very sorry figure. Just at the present a goodly company of herring-gulls, mostly immature, are to be seen on the Serpentine, and the black-headed gulls have assumed their "black" breeding caps, some, indeed, as early as February 12th. A pair of robins which successfully brought off two youngsters in Hyde Park are, I think, worthy of special mention. The nesting-site chosen was a niche-like depression in the trunk of an old pollard elm near the Serpentine Bridge, and in spite of the fact that some hundreds of boys, youths and men daily passed the nest on the way to bathing in the Serpentine, the birds successfully brought off the two young mentioned. A pair of squirrels have been released by a lady, and when I last saw them they appeared to be thriving exceedingly well. Thanks to the fine autumn of last year there were plenty of really excellent sweet chestnuts in the gardens, and for the first time for many years acorns ripened. If some efforts were made by the authorities to encourage and protect bird-life in the parks, it is perfectly certain that the list of resident birds would be increased in a marked manner. There is no reason why even the cuckoo and the nightingale should not be regular visitors to the gardens. If memory serves me correctly, the nightingale was reported to have been heard on several successive occasions near the Albert Memorial. The birds mentioned could be introduced by means of eggs placed in robins' and hedge-sparrows' nests, of which there are a considerable number in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. In addition to what may be termed the natural forces of Nature, bird-life in London has to contend against cats, frequent disturbance and lack of natural food. This last refers to the finch tribe in particular, and otherwise to the gardeners' somewhat commendable energy in the clearing away of dead leaves, which, of course, would otherwise provide a hiding and breeding place for a quantity of insect-life. The first requisite, therefore, is that the park should be enclosed with wire-netting in order to keep out the cats. If any reader of COUNTRY LIFE wishes to see for himself the number of cats which visit the park and



J. Atkinson. A HESITATING APPROACH.

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gardens, a walk should be taken at dusk, particularly during the young bird season, round the park. I have been informed of one cat, now happily deceased, which every morning brought home birds of some kind, even including three-quarter-grown ducks. Secondly, the carrion crows should be reduced in numbers, because, when it is possible to count fifteen birds in one tree, as I did on one occasion, it is simply wonderful that the park contains any other form of bird-life. Some time back a writer in COUNTRY LIFE enquired whether or no the carrion crows in the metropolis had forsaken their natural habits to some extent, inasmuch as they were not so destructive. This is not the case, however, at least as far as my own experience extends, and the cunning tricks which these birds particularly practise upon the duck in the parks in order to obtain their eggs and young must be seen to be fully appreciated. Incidentally, most of the duck in the park nest in holes in the trees, often as high as 40ft. up and of surprisingly small diameter. The wood-pigeons might with advantage be thinned out, as owing to their habit of attacking almond and hawthorn buds the beauty of these trees is materially decreased. The other day, for instance, I counted seven birds voraciously attacking an almond tree, and this is quite their custom and not due to any undue severity of weather. Finally, if a food supply for finches were engineered many would be induced to settle in the parks. "At first sight" one would doubtless think that His Dinky Ubiquitous Highness had been overlooked. Like most potentates, however, he does not appear to care about procuring trivialities first hand. As proof of this, the quantity of plantain and chickweed which last year flourished on Buck Hill, Kensington Gardens, was quite ignored by the sparrows. During the season, however, to my knowledge, two goldfinches and a linnet stayed several days. The woodpecker family might with every advantage be introduced into Kensington Gardens in particular. Every fall of timber has borings more or less pronounced



7 Atkinson. THE MOTHER. Copyright.

and suburban gardens special care should be taken to foster and protect insectivorous birds.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF INSECT-FEEDING BIRDS

SIR,—Now that we are about to re-welcome spring, it may be of interest to those of your readers who possess a garden or an orchard to know one method of increasing the fruit of their toil therein which might be put into practice at the present moment. It is a matter for complaint at a later season that insects and birds have devastated plantations, fruit gardens and crops that we have tended with so much care, and thus discouragement falls upon many an industrious gardener. More often such an one will follow his regrets by a prayer for better luck next year, and will then dismiss the matter from his mind, only to repeat the same *modus operandi* in the course of a twelvemonth. Now to a great extent the cure for his devastated garden is within his own hands, for the insects that do so much harm in their larval state are not the repulsive-smelling grubs or barbed-hair larvae so repellent to birds, but the smooth, dainty caterpillars that form the staple food in spring and summer of so many of our soft-billed songsters—for example, the titmice (the great tit and blue tit), the redbreast, the hedge-sparrow, the common wren and the pied wagtail. But, in our short-sighted way, we never take the trouble to encourage these very birds that are the agriculturist's best friends; instead, we seem to turn our energies to the propagation of the birds that are a source of real danger to the country-side, in that they are seed-eaters themselves, and that they in no way reduce the host of raiding insects. The common sparrow is a typical example of this class, for, thanks to our "civilisation," he has increased in numbers to an abnormal extent, to the detriment of our parks and gardens. Of late years the sparrow has even developed a new method of annoyance by eating off the buds and flowers of primroses and yellow crocuses that ought to delight our eyes in early spring. And this last nuisance I attribute—after careful observation—to the universal custom of throwing out crumbs for the "birds," i.e., sparrows. This unnatural diet produces an inflammation in the sparrow's throat which

impels him during the keen east winds of early spring, to attack anything succulent and sweet. I would, therefore, suggest that, instead of sedulously keeping alive and fostering the breed of birds that are doubly harmful to us, we should devote some attention to the increase of the useful soft-billed, insect-eating birds, some of which I have enumerated. A very few years of practical common-sense would suffice to establish them in the country in such numbers that there would be an end to all complaints as to ruined crops by vermin.

In my own garden, during the last four or five years the broods have been on the following average (and this is in accordance with natural records): Wren, eight young; great tit, seven young; wagtail, five young; redbreast, three young; hedge-accentor, three young. Now, after duly allowing for loss of life after leaving the nest under ordinary conditions, the number of these birds would be at least doubled each year. Such birds nest readily in suitable boxes or artificial thickets. The latter are easily and artistically constructed by piles of loose brushwood arranged in the corners of gardens, orchards, or plantations, and planted around with clematis and wild or climbing roses; the latter to ward off cats, the really worst enemies to the gardener. These protected thickets are useful for hedge-sparrows, fly-catchers, etc. The greatest success, however, to which I can personally testify, is the use of cat-proof nesting-boxes, such as those shown in the accompanying photographs. These nest-boxes can be fixed to a wall or tree trunk, or to the top of a pole. The box should have a capacity of about roin. by 7in. by 5in., and should be covered by a roof-board in such a way as to protect the opening to the nest from cats and hawks as well as from rain and sun; in fact, the interior must be as shaded and secluded as possible. The high pitch of the roof affords no foothold to cats, and by colouring the box green and the roof red, these bird-houses look quite pretty in a garden or orchard. It has been argued that sparrows will build in these nest-boxes and so defeat our purpose; but Nature has helped us in this respect. No house-sparrow dares dispute, even if he be four to one, with titmice, robins, wrens, or hedge-sparrows; indeed, I have seen one blue tit drive off five sparrows and calmly eat up what they were enjoying. If a pair of tits or robins fancy one of my nest-boxes, woe-betide the luckless house-sparrow that had entertained a similar fancy. For further encouragement of the

insect-feeding birds, lumps of meat, fat, suet scraps, etc., should be hung on the trees near the nest-boxes, for it is a natural law that birds will build their nests where food is good and plentiful. If, then, we scientifically and systematically turn our attention to the encouragement of the birds that are our friends, we shall soon see the end of many of our present agricultural and horticultural troubles. We must go to the root of the matter and try to readjust the laws of Nature which we have upset by our artificial conditions.—EDWARD LOVETT.



A NESTING BOX.



CAT-PROOF.

*LINGERING WINTER.*



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

JOHN RAIT'S END.

BY
ADAM LORIMER.



"WELL, Mistress Rait, I've done my best, and you've done yours. The Lord is above us both, and I'm sorry to tell you

I much misdoubt that John will not see the dawnin'." As he spoke, the doctor, like one that tells an unwelcome thing, avoided the face of the woman who stood with him in front of the house on its grassy headland in the little Northern town, and gazed across the grey sea. The last of the April twilight was fading, and the wind made one mournful sound with the slow waves on the rocky coast. She made no answer, her face—a face of truth and endurance—turned like his to the gathering night. Passing one turn of the thick woollen muffler about his neck, the doctor tied the long ends inside his blue, brass-buttoned coat.

"It's God's will," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "it's God's will."

He threw the shepherd plaid over his left shoulder and brought the fold round his chest. "I'm thinking it's going to be a soft night," he said. Then stepping out after a pause: "I'll just ask Luckie Todd to come round and bide with ye. Good-night."

"Good-night," she answered, and after watching him disappear along the landward path returned to her house. Candle in hand she crossed the silent room, which gleamed with cleanliness, to the closed-in bed-place, and half shading the light with her hand turned it gently on the face of her husband who lay within, pale and with closed eyes, breathing rapidly but without sign of pain.

"John," she called in a soft voice, as if wakening a sleeper; "John." There was no sign; the breathing neither quickened nor abated. "John, John; oh, John," she pleaded; but the sick man made no reply.

Turning away with a long sigh, she set down the candle where its light would not reach the bed, and stirred the fire into a quick blaze. Scanning the room as if for something out of place, her eye fell on the long clay pipe in its brass rest in the chimney corner. Remembering that this was the hour of its use, she raised it, handled it lovingly, then replaced it as if it were already a ghost. The old grey parrot moved in his cage in the corner, and solemnly lifting one leg turned a horny eye on her. "Poor Peter," she said; "and were we forgetting to hup him for the night?" As the cloth closed over his cage the bird dropped his leg, stretched out his neck in recognition, slid along his perch and went to rest. Finding nothing else undone or out of place, Mistress Rait sank into her chair. The old clock, with its chains looped up, ticked incessant within its oaken hood, the brass bob of the pendulum shining dully as it pursued to and fro its shadow on the wall.

And so she sat motionless for some time, until the long howl of a dog beyond the house roused her with a start. She rose listening, as if a new thought had come to her, and when the wild, plaintive wail broke forth again her head sank in her hands. Suddenly she went out into the dark, returning presently followed by a collie dog. Treading softly and with deliberation, Wat crossed to the bed-place, lifted his head searchingly, looked at his master and then at his mistress, showing the whites of his big watery eyes. At last, with the same gentle steps, he approached the fireplace, stretched his nose along his paws, and with a great sigh lay still.

"Poor Wat," said Mistress Rait. He rose and thrust his head in her lap. She laid her hand on his forehead, and so they sat in silent companionship for many a minute by the clock. All at once Wat shook himself free, raised his ears, seemed about to bark, then checked himself. Presently Mistress Rait could hear the sound of footsteps, and then two voices at the door, and as she opened it there entered with a gust of the night wind a man and a woman.

"Sit down, Janet; just sit down, Thomas. It's very neighbourlike of you to come."

"How is the goodman, Lisbeth?" Old Luckie Todd, the howdy and wise woman of the town, peered into the bed-place as if to answer her own question, while Thomas Nairn stood by the fire.

Mistress Rait fetched the candle, and the two women gazed on the stricken man with that strange sympathy unknown to men, belonging by nature to those to whom birth and death and marriage are the only things that count. The world from time immemorial, but it may be not always, has spoken of the Creator as He. What if the world is entirely wrong?

"Ay weel, ay weel," said Luckie Todd, "he's in the Lord's hands."

Presently as they stood there in silence John Rait's lips moved, and between the painful breathings uttered some words.

"What say ye, John?" The wife bent down to listen.

"Well, Annie," he said, and the words came firm and clear, "if you must, you must."

"What is he speaking about?" said the wife to Luckie Todd. "Who is Annie? There's no an Annie among our folk."

"Tuts, woman," answered Janet Todd; "he's wandering in his wits; fair wandering."

Again the sick man spoke with the same distinctness: "Annie, lass, I dinna think you should leave me like this."

The wife bent low: "I'm by you, John. It's me—Leeby; Leeby, your own wife."

As if in reply he said: "Bide wi' me, Annie; bide wi' me." The words then sank into an indistinct muttering, and so into silence.

After some minutes of watching the women returned to the fireplace and sat down, regarding the glow in patient silence. Thomas Nairn stood fingering his unlit pipe.

"Light your pipe, Thomas," said Mistress Rait. "You've kenned John all his days, and he would like you to be smoking." Thomas took a live coal from the hearth, lit his pipe with the fiery end, and threw the fuel back. "Have you ever heard tell o' an Annie, Thomas? You'll tell truth, I'm sure."

Thomas looked disturbed, and Luckie Todd answered for him:

"Dinna trouble, woman; dinna fash, John is just baverin'! May none o' us say worse than him when our end comes."

Disregarding her, Mistress Rait said to Thomas: "He spoke in real earnest; they were not witless words. No, no. I'm thinking, Thomas, you ken o' an Annie. Who was she, and what was she to him?"

Thomas looked hard at Luckie Todd, and forgot his pipe entirely. "I'm thinking," he said in weak indecision, "it's just some fule's tale of bygone days."

A sound of whispering came from the bed, and again the wife and Luckie Todd hastened to listen. The sick man was speaking with what in health would have been vehement earnestness. Increasing in strength, the words rose to a solemn declaration: "No, Annie; never on this earth will I utter word. But, mind ye, it's your doing." And again, after a pause, with deep solemnity: "I have sworn." And John Rait relapsed into silence.

Mistress Rait broke away from the bedside and, throwing up her hands, said: "God have mercy on me; what awful thing is this come upon me at the last?"

Luckie Todd strove to calm her, but she refused all comfort and, breaking away, seemed to make for the door, as if to go out into the night. Holding her back, Luckie Todd said: "Thomas, yor had better speak," and led her back to the fireplace.

"Well," said Thomas, "I'm breaking an oath, and if John Rait gets well again, let the wyte of it be on baith your heads."

And Luckie Todd said: "Speak, man: there's no getting better in this world for John Rait."

Wat the collie, who had regarded Luckie Todd with threatening looks while she had his mistress in hand, again composed his muzzle in her lap, turning his piteous eyes upon her till she put her hand on his head.

"As you may guess," began Thomas Nairn, "it's the tale o' a lass. John Rait and me have been acquaint since we were bairns and never a bad word passed atween us. But he was a full-grown man when first he fell in wi' Annie Sutherland. John was not content wi' the fishing o' this town, but took his boat regular up to Buckie, and 'twas there he met her. She was a bonnie, wiselike lass, half-Highland, I'm thinking. She had wild black eyes, and without looking at any lad was trying ay to catch them all. I am not saying she was a light lass, nor anything like it, but she kened she was bonnie, and liked to be taken notice o'. By-and-by it was plain to see that she was proud o' the notice that John Rait took o' her. Now John as a lad was just what we all kened him as a man, allowing for the difference o' youth. He was plain in his dealing, sure in his word and straight in his deed. When he was raised, an' I've seen him raised, he didna spare. So when he took a notion o' Annie Sutherland he didna mind who kened o't. He made his liking plain to her and to everybody. And it was plain to everybody that wi' just ordinary luck John Rait was bound to end up a master o' men."

"But it happened that Annie Sutherland's answer to John, when he asked her to be his wife, was not just so plain and sure as John was looking for. It was na No, and it was na Yes, but a kind o' Yes—maybe—by-and-by; and that was na John's way at all. So he came back here after his business done in Buckie, and left her to think about it before his next trip, when it was to be Yes, or No, and done wi't."

"Now Annie's mother, as often happens in these kind o' affairs, took a say in the thing, and being a' for John herself she caused word to come to his ear that Annie had anither lad in Buckie, and if John wanted her he'd better haste him there or it was too late. But that wasna John's way. He was a proud, self-respecting lad, and he left the lass a free choice. I'm not saying but that maybe if he had been in Buckie he had not have made a stiff fight for't wi' the other lad; but he was na going to Buckie, if he was na bound for Buckie, for such a purpose."

"The tother lad's name was Archie McLeish, a fisherman too, as fine set-up a Highlandman as ever I saw, and a well-doing, save, maybe, on the Saturday night. But that's no here nor there, for 'deed I've seen John wi' a dram in him, too, an' it did not improve him, whereas for Archie—well, it didna *disimprove* him. There's a terrible difference in the way men carry their liquor. As for Annie, I canna say black nor white, and the end o' the story will show. For years after I was married there was an old sweetheart o' the gudewife's came regular to see her and me, an' they would sit an' tell old tales about things I never kened o', and it brought no detriment to me that ever I noticed."

Thomas Nairn here filled his pipe afresh, and Mistress Rait crossed to regard her husband. She beckoned to Luckie Todd.

"The breath is weaker," she said.

"Ay," said Luckie, "it's drawin' to the small hours."

Thomas continued. "As between the two men, I would say that John would make the best husband an' Archie the best sweetheart. When Annie had to make her choice next time John Rait went to Buckie, she declared for John. How far in she was wi' Archie, or whether her mother made up her mind for her, I canna tell, but the next Saturday night there was a terrible stramash wi' Archie. He was to break John's neck, cut him in two, an' hang him up to smoke like a haddock."

"Now it happened to suit John's plans in the world at the time to shift his boats away from here to Anstruther. Archie's boat at times came here, but Anstruther was out of his way entirely. So it was to Anstruther that John took Annie Sutherland as his married wife, an' that is one o' the reasons you never heard tell o' her, Mistress Rait; that an' my promise to John—"

"An' my solemn oath to John," said Luckie Todd.

Mistress Rait, after a brave attempt to hold her tears, covered her face with her hands and groaned.

"Maybe," said Thomas Nairn after a pause, "you'll no be caring to ken the rest."

"Tell me't ail," answered Mistress Rait.

"They had not been but six months in Anstruther when Archie appeared in the town, an' as he came in John's peace flew away. Now John was not a man to keep a standing feud with wife or stranger; he would have the matter out for good or for bad. So he just waited, for Archie, as he said, had as much right in Anstruther as himself. He had na long to wait. One day when all the boats were at sea, his among the rest, Archie stayed behind; and as that happened again and again, other things, you may guess, happened. And the neighbours began to talk, and the folk in the next street took it up, and then the whole town joined in, till John found himself a laughing-stock."

Fearing to become a byword, he went to Archie and gave him a week to clear out o' Anstruther. And when Archie asked what would happen if he didna heed him or his warnings, John told him that if he didna leave Anstruther one o' them would have to leave this life. But there was one thing John did not do: he never said word o' the matter to Annie. What she thought or what Archie thought I canna tell ye; but certain it is that Archie did not leave the town. So in the gloaming o' the eighth day John sought him out on the shore and said to him: 'Will ye have it out here, or sall we go to the links?' And Archie followed him till they came to a quiet place, when John said, 'You ken what for?' and struck him in the face."

"God ha' mercy on me," said Thomas Nairn, "for telling you this, for I'm breaking a solemn promise; but there lies John Rait, no longer master o' his mind or his tongue, telling it, or worse than telling it, himself. But to get to an end. In the fight that ensued, Archie at first and for long had the best o't; but as the fire died out o' him the wrath grew in John, for he was a grit man, and at last he had him, weak as a bairn, by the throat, and he bade him, for his life, renounce Annie and go away. But Archie said no; swore if it was his last breath he would say no; and, worse than that, declared in his teeth, and wi' death before him: 'It's me she wants, no' you.' At these words John let him go and turned home. What kind o' clearing up he had wi' Annie that night I dinna ken; all John told me was that Archie was speaking true. And the end of it was that John came back here and gave the two of them money to buy a passage to America, and I never heard that he had word o' them from that day to this. And the Lord forgive me if I have broken faith wi' a faithful friend."

As the story drew to a close a wonderful change came over Mistress Rait. She grew excited and seemed more than once on the point of speaking, and scarcely had Thomas Nairn's appeal to Heaven left his lips than she cried out: "The letter; the letter he got with strange marks on it the other week!" After a search she produced it from the pocket of John's coat, now hanging unused and useless by the bed. She handed it to Thomas Nairn; but first she said to Luckie Todd: "Did you ken of all this?"

"Did I ken o' a' this? Ay, an' more. For did not I keep his house? Was it no me that waited on you when he made you his wife? And was not John Rait to me the finest man ever stepped in shoon?"

"Then read it," said Mistress Rait to Thomas.

While he fitted his horn spectacles to his nose Thomas expressed a doubt whether the letter could have anything to do with the matter; but Mistress Rait had none, for had not John gone out in the evening of the day it came, against his wont, and stayed long, and been very silent and strange all that night?

Thomas was not a quick reader, but he was very sure, and his slow words ate into their minds like acid into brass. The letter was written by a lawyer in a town in Massachusetts at the instance of Annie McLeish formerly of Buckie and then of Anstruther. It was to inform John Rait if he were still alive, as she heard he was, that she was in view of her end, feeling herself failing, and that he was to know that her husband Archibald McLeish had been dead for twenty-two years. That she never had had children, but otherwise had been fortunate. That in her loneliness it had often been in her mind to return to her native place, but that for reasons he would know she had forborne. She begged John Rait to remember that of her, for her death would be lonely, and she would have been happy to have been buried in Buckie among her own folk. And that if they all met in Heaven there was no one she wished more to see than John Rait.

"The shameless limmer," exclaimed Luckie Todd.

"Whisht, woman," said Mistress Rait, "she was his married wife." Then in a voice of deep woe: "It's more than I have ever been, though I thought I was."

At that moment a sound came from the bed, and Mistress Rait rushed across to listen. "Leeby," said the dying man, "is that you?"

"Ay, John, it's me—Leeby."

A smile of wonderful peace spread over his face.

"What can I do for you, John?"

"Leeby, lass," he answered, "my feet are cold."

"A bottle, quick," said Mistress Rait to Luckie Todd. But even as she spoke she had seized it, filled it with hot water, and placed it under the bedclothes at John's feet.

"Is that comfortable, John?" she asked.

He seemed asleep, but suddenly opening his eyes looked on her with the same smile, tried to lift his arms to her, and said "Leeby." The next moment he ceased to breathe, and at the lamentations of the stricken wife, Wat the collie lifted his head and uttered a long-suppressed moan.

On the funeral day it seemed as if the entire population had met to bear John Rait to his last rest. The room where he lay was crowded with the older men, the friends and acquaintances of his life, and at a table where lay a great Bible the minister of the parish prepared for the "reading" and the long prayer with

which the Scots consign their dead to eternity. After that, even until the sods rattle on the coffin, all is silence, save it may be for sobs. Outside on the sward was another congregation with another minister, but all parishioners. In a little room adjoining the great one sat Mistress Rait, with Luckie Todd by her side, watching over John to the last. A fire was burning in the grate, and a great black kettle full of water sang at the boil. All at once through the wall came the sound of the minister's voice; the service had begun. Next moment Peter Cromb, the joiner and undertaker for the town, entered with his two men and their turnscraws. Luckie Todd ran to the door: "Come back in two minutes," she said.

"Losh, woman," answered Peter Cromb, "ye'll make us late, and I'll be disgraced."

"Twa minutes," said Luckie, with decision, pushing him out; "I'll tell ye when to come."

Meanwhile Mistress Rait had gone to the fireplace and hastily poured the boiling water from the kettle into a pan filled with bran contained in a muslin cloth. Having tucked this together she wrang out the water regardless of her hands, and speedily wrapped it in a silk handkerchief. Approaching the coffin she thrust aside the trappings round her husband's feet, and laid the warm bundle against them, swiftly replacing the funeral linings. Luckie Todd stood apart gazing at her, half in

pity half in awe, saw her bend over the face of the dead, saying, "That will keep you comfortable, John," then give the signal for Peter Cromb to enter and do his work. One of his assistants, driving home a screw at the foot, paused for an instant as if struck by something. "Haste ye, man," said Luckie Todd, "or ye'll be behind." Mistress Rait watched her husband borne out, shouldered reverently, and carried away for ever. Over the knoll she saw the great company pass, and reappear for the last time in the landward bend of the road; saw it all with a look of calm satisfaction on her face and never a word on her lips.

Thomas Nairn came back to tell her what a grand and solemn funeral it had been: how the very tinkers that John Rait used to befriend came in to look over the churchyard wall. He tried to make conversation, but all the time there was a look of painful preoccupation on his face, for Mistress Rait paid heed to nothing. At last, surveying her and Luckie Todd alternately several times, with hesitation he said: "I'm thinking there's three of us now to hold our tongues—and I hope the Lord will have mercy on him and on us, especially me, at the Judgment Seat."

And Mistress Rait, in a loud triumphant voice, said: "What care I for Judgment Seats? Leeby was the last word on his lips, and when he's called he'll waken up wi' his feet warm."

IN THE GARDEN.

THE REMAKING OF AN OLD GARDEN.—II.

ON a bright day, as we turn from the sunlit quadrangle of grass into the shadow of trees, there steals upon us at once a slight but pleasant sense of mystery. The wind sighs in the topmost boughs of the Scotch Firs; the rugged stems and branches of Rhododendrons, at least half a century old, meet almost over our heads; there are winding paths, with low mossy banks, which

simple reason that it has grown with the wants and wishes of many a bygone generation. Thus, behind the barrier of overgrown trees and shrubs we found a neglected spot, completely hidden from view, which, fallen from higher estate, had been doing duty as a drying-green—a fact betrayed by fragments of poles and ropes still lying scattered about. The ground, sloping uphill pretty sharply, was divided by a steep grass bank—admirable, no doubt, for the bleaching of linen—which had to be



WHERE SHRUBS GREW BEFORE.

(This shows a clearing in the shrubbery.)

have no perceptible reason or ending. A little pool in the middle, dank and doleful with the fall of generations of leaves and quite out of place here, has been converted into a bog-bed; but, as yet, Bamboos, which are luxuriant, and the large-leaved umbrella Saxifrage are the only plants that have taken kindly to its shade. It is very desirable in every garden that the whole should not be revealed at once. A little veiling, a touch of reserve, gives freshness and adds a charm which is entirely lacking where there are no nooks or corners. An old garden may have many disabilities and may be hard to remake to our liking, but it is seldom an unbroken oblong or square, for the

scaled by a ladder of wooden steps. It was here that genius and friendship found opportunity. A magic wand changed the bare and featureless conditions of the present into the vision of a beautiful garden picture to be made real in the near future. A brave contingent of picks and shovels, the arrival of many carts of sandstone from the quarry, above all, the mind to plan and the skilled and practised knowledge to direct, and lo! a transformation scene had risen out of the overthrow of the offending bank. Now, as we guide a stranger to the garden through the by-paths of the shrubbery thicket to a little green lawn encircled by Rhododendrons and bordered by Kalmias—with intent to enjoy

the exclamation of surprise and admiration which is sure to come when he emerges from the shadow and is confronted by an altogether unexpected scene—there comes suddenly into view a terrace wall, the rough stonework of which is half-hidden by greenery and flowers. Midway a flight of wide shallow steps gives upon a landing backed by an inner retaining wall, from which a stairway branching to right and left leads by gentle rises to the platform of grass above. All preparations for this work having been made previously, the actual building took not more than three or four days—the delight and pleasure it gives will be lifelong.

The planting of this wall garden was not left to haphazard—every detail was thought out and carefully planned; not that one rigid scheme should be always strictly adhered to, but that the broad outlines should be well defined. The keynote of the whole is struck in the liberal planting of Hydrangeas by the steps leaning over the breastwork of the walls, as a background under the trees of the upper level. With a view to

their colouring, the soil was specially prepared. Curiously enough, the change from pink to blue is most marked where, in cutting down the bank, a layer of almost pure sand was reached. Here, where there was, perhaps, least mixture of composts, on the pathway in the angles of the steps, the flowers come more vividly blue every year; elsewhere they have remained pink, or are changing only by slow degrees. The moral is that the strong presence of iron in the natural sand of the district is the potent factor. Everyone has his own nostrum for this particular end with Hydrangeas, but Nature finishes her task while we vainly try at it. A bold group or two of Yuccas are very prominent on the forefront of the wall, and *Cistus* of various kinds have found a secure foothold. *C. florentinus*, especially, is as effective in the bronze green of its winter foliage as in the summer snow of its flowers. The dwarf *C. lusitanicus* has been in bloom for months, and has opened a few fresh crimson-spotted flowers day by day throughout November and December; but this may be nothing more than the accident of an unusually mild season. From a cultural point of view, a wall garden and a rock garden are not precisely convertible terms, though they might seem so to be, because many plants appear equally at home in either station; but there are some that no coaxing will prevail upon to take kindly to the perpendicular, while others revel in it. Almost all trailers, as might naturally be expected, like *Saponaria ocymoides*, familiar enough but always welcome, and lasting long in flower, the silvery *Cerastiums*, rock Pinks, and some of the dwarf *Campanulas*, e.g., the white Italian *C. isophylla*, are almost sure to do well if, when quite small, young plants are dextrously tucked into the chinks of a prepared wall; but that they succeed in one case is no infallible criterion for all situations. *Aubrietias*, for example, will answer admirably, covering a wall with sheets of colour in their season, elsewhere; with us, they do much better on the level. But it comes somewhat as a surprise to find that plants of the habit of Canterbury Bells or the Chimney *Campanula* will in some cases adapt themselves easily to the limits of such a position, and it is well that it should be so. Biennials and short-lived perennials of this character are invaluable for wall-planting, as they give opportunity for variation from time to time. There is no rule of thumb, fortunately, that we can blindly follow, and the very uncertainty as to whether this or that seedling or rooted slip will succeed or not adds zest to experiment. We may take it as a rule, however, that plants of delicate habit which have become established in the less generous nutriment of stonework are more likely to survive and to flower profusely than the lush growth induced by richer soil, which will probably fall victim to the first sharp frost of the winter which follows after rain.

One of the pleasures of possessing a wall expressly adapted for planting is to note the freaks and whims of natural selection.



A CORNER IN THE GARDEN.

Sometimes a plant will appear, one knows not wherefore nor whence it comes. Not "weeds" alone, like Mullein or the Mouse-ear Hawkweed and creeping St. John's Wort, do this, but from other parts of our own or other gardens widely separated wanderers in search of suitable lodging will sometimes flit to the wall and there find resting-places more to their liking. The newcomer may not be quite congruous to the spot that it has chosen, but it has taken sanctuary and looks so trustful that,

unless it be a veritable tramp, it can scarcely be ruthlessly destroyed. Sometimes, too, it happens that a plant will take up a site for itself upon which we had never reckoned. The Winter Jasmine will root into the topmost course of an ordinary brick wall if the loosened mortar of a joint gives it the least chance of foothold, and will be more at home and full of flower as it hangs downwards than as a climber. The same thing has happened in the case of *Clanthus*, which has been known by natural layering to root into the top of a high wall, where it grew into

a sturdy bush and long survived the parent stock in the border below. Such chance occurrences should serve as object-lessons. The actual work of wall-planting requires some experience, for it is not always quite easy to accomplish. When the scheme is carried out according to plan, as it should be, some of the more important planting can be done simultaneously with the setting of the blocks. For the successful placing of small plants a flattened stick is an indispensable tool; the roots must be very gently yet firmly handled, and well covered with extra soil after they have been laid and pressed in between the joints of the stone. Where it is possible, it is often the most satisfactory way to sow seeds in place rather than to transplant seedlings. In whatever position dry walling may be used in a garden, whether as a humble ha-ha, or as a screen, or, as in the present instance, a sort of terrace with steps to lead from a lower to a higher level, the pleasure of it is unending. New interests crop up day by day, new beauties unfold. The one thing a dry wall is intended not to be is a holdfast for climbers. The wall itself by skilful planting must be vested with the greenery and flowers which will root into its very substance and drape its surface with their own inimitable grace.

K. L. D.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

WINTER STILL WITH US.

IN common with most of Great Britain, Aberdeenshire has been experiencing unusually severe weather since March came in. For many days on end the snowfall has been incessant, and on the upper reaches of the Dee an extraordinary snowfall has taken place. As much as 28in. of snow were lying all over the district between Ballater and Braemar on March 8th, and on that day it was still snowing. The strong wind which accompanied the storm has caused an immense amount of drifting, and roads are everywhere impassable for all kinds of vehicular traffic. Previous to the storm the weather was fine and sunny, with hard frost morning and evening; but bird-life has been unusually quiet up to now. I noted the first flock of lapwing inland on February 25th. Until March had come in the rooks had been taking no interest in their nests, but now are busily engaged in building and repairing them. On March 5th (a bright, frosty day, with snow covering the ground) I saw a jackdaw carrying straws into her nesting-hole in an elm; but the average bird is not yet thinking of nesting operations.

THE TYRANNY OF THE TERN.

I was much interested in reading in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE an account of a partridge being mobbed and killed by a colony of terns. The tern is a bird I know very well, and I have had ample proofs of their overbearing conduct towards their neighbours. I remember once while photographing a colony of common terns seeing a luckless rook attempt to fly through the colony. He had only progressed a few yards, however, when he was beaten down and fell to the ground. The terns apparently had some idea of chivalry, as when the bird was on the ground they refrained from attacking it; but directly it attempted to fly off the whole colony were after it

instantaneously, and this time, as far as I could make out, the luckless bird fell to the ground in sheer terror and there remained. Having discovered a twite's nest, I placed my handkerchief on the ground to mark the spot and then returned to where I had left my camera, a few hundred yards away. I soon became aware of a great excitement among the terns, all of which assembled above the inoffensive handkerchief, evidently under the impression that it was an enemy of some sort. Having shrieked and swooped down on the handkerchief for some time, they at last began to see that it was quite harmless, and gradually gave up their fierce attacks. A kestrel sailing by was mercilessly mobbed and a stray cuckoo had a very bad time of it indeed, the terns seemingly mistaking it for a hawk and mobbing it unmercifully. It is to the credit of the terns that they are quite devoid of fear, and will attack even the peregrine falcon should he come near. I have also seen them in hot pursuit of grouse and curlew. The black-headed gull is the only bird which is not afraid of their attacks, and a small colony of these birds nest on the fringe of a colony of some 2,000 terns and make periodical raids on the eggs of these latter. Seizing its opportunity, a gull will dash into the colony of the terns, and securing an egg of one of the latter birds will fly off at top speed with a screaming mob of terns in hot pursuit. The gull carries the egg in a very ingenious manner, by sticking his bill into it, and makes off with it thus impaled. Terns are very easily excited, and often when a young tern is making strenuous efforts to fly and is not succeeding the whole colony fly up and, hovering a few feet below the struggling bird, keep up an incessant shrieking as though uttering words of advice to the youngster. The following incident tends to prove, I think, that terns have a certain amount of memory: Once, while walking down a burnside, I came upon a pair of terns which evidently had young, as they showed signs of great anxiety and swooped at me several times. Later on in the day, at a point about a mile further down the burn, I was lying down on the grass when the same pair of terns came down the stream, intent on fishing. They had almost passed without noticing me, when one of the pair suddenly dashed across to where I was lying and, with a scream, swooped down at me and then rejoined its mate. This, I think, seemed to show that the bird had remembered that I had disturbed its nesting-site earlier in the day, and had swooped at me for this reason. Although both Arctic and common terns are very pugnacious, the lesser terns are quite inoffensive as far as my experience goes, and they will very rarely swoop at anyone disturbing their nesting-site, but fly around excitedly, uttering a twittering note which is not unlike that of the swallow, though considerably harsher than that of the latter bird.

EARLY SALMON-FISHING.

The first few days of the salmon-fishing on the Aberdeenshire Dee were more successful than for many years past. Though the weather was cold and the wind easterly, with a very low river a great number of beautiful, clean, new fish were landed. On the mid-reaches extraordinarily good sport was had, and on one beat as many as thirty salmon were landed on the opening day. The fish seem to be of larger size than usual, and a good many of over 20lb. have been grassed. Results on the lower reaches have been somewhat disappointing, as the run of fish seem to have passed them. This, however, is really a very good thing for the river, as when the fish are numerous in the lower reaches a good many are taken in the nets at the mouth. As far up as the Balmoral water clean fish were landed on the opening day; the first month's results show that there are more fish in the river than for many seasons past. At present angling is almost impossible, as the river is choked with snow and ice, but when the weather freshens sport is expected to improve, as for the last three weeks the river has been at summer level.

THE MANŒUVRING OF DUNLIN.

Every ornithologist must have been struck by the remarkable manner in which a flock of dunlin wheel and swerve, every member of the flock making the turn instantaneously without a fraction of a second's hesitation. This, to a certain extent, holds good with respect to many of our gregarious birds, such as golden plover and starlings; but the dunlin, I think, have it developed in an exceptional degree. Various explanations have been put forth to account for the phenomenon, as before the flock makes a sudden swerve the leading bird, as far as can be made out, utters no note of any kind, but the remarkable swerve is made in silence. Even if a particular note were uttered, I very much doubt whether the birds composing the flock would be able to turn so quickly, and if any one of their number was a fraction of a second too late the results would be most disastrous for it. A likely explanation seems to be that the birds have the power of communicating their thoughts to each other, and that it is by telepathy that these instantaneous swerves and turns are made possible. An ingenious explanation has been advanced that the birds have not each a distinct individuality, but that the whole flock is dominated as it were by one soul. This theory, though quite plausible when the birds are flocked, could hardly stand when the birds were either paired or single, as a single bird would have no power in itself if this argument held good. But be the reason what it may, the manœuvring of a flock of dunlin is one of the most extraordinary things in the bird world. SETON GORDON.

PEAT-CUTTING IN ORKNEY AND SHETLAND.

UNDER the more genial climate of a bygone period it is believed that native woods existed in the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Evidence of this is shown by the presence of tree trunks deeply embedded in peat bogs and sometimes uprooted from the bed of the sea in places which, at earlier times, must have been dry land. However, no native trees exist at the present time with the exception

of some dwarf birches and mountain ash indigenous to a few sheltered valleys in Hoy. These are apparently only stunted remnants of a larger growth, showing a change brought about by altered climatic conditions, and probably for the same reason the native ponies, cattle, sheep and collies of Shetland are all diminutive. There are, it is true, a few plantations which have risen from young trees; but they have only attained a restricted size owing to constant exposure to the fierce gales which frequently sweep over the low, bleak hills. In the absence of

trees there is a compensation in the matter of fuel supply by the extent of the peat bogs which are found in most of the islands; and to Einar, son of Earl Rognvald, who was sent over from Norway to subdue a band of pirates, is due the credit of showing the inhabitants how to make fuel from their apparently useless bogs. From this circumstance he gained the appellation of Torf-Einar. Before his arrival great privation

must have existed by the scarcity of fuel, and probably scraps of wreckage, seaweed, or even dried cow-manure, were used for burning.

Peat-cutting or "shearing" commences in late spring, usually after the crops have been put in the ground. In most parts of the country the bogs are on low-lying ground, but not infrequently they are on the summit of the hills and in the valleys.

The day appointed for peat-cutting marks an event of great importance, and a week or two beforehand the goodwife has brewed a large "brewst" of ale, so as to have it in good condition when the day arrives. Bottles and jars are filled with the brown and usually potent liquor; for it is a disgrace for the housewife to be told that she went too often to the well during the brewing, or, in other words, diluted the beverage too much. Neighbours assist each other at the peat-cutting, so as to finish the work necessary for the requirements of one house in a single day if possible.



T. Kent.

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

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An early breakfast is partaken of, and oat bannocks, "sooan" scones, home-made cheese, ham and eggs, etc., heap the table, and a substantial meal fortifies the body for a long day of toil. After breakfast a start is made for the hilltop, some of the party carrying a straw "caizie" of provisions, others a basket of bottles containing milk or "home-brewed" with which to regale themselves later on, while still others bring the necessary

implements for cutting the peats. A "flaying-spade" is used for cutting away the turf or fibrous covering of the moss along the edge of the peat-bank, in a strip about 3ft. wide. The bank is the edge of exposed moss left from the previous year's cutting, and may extend from fifty to several hundred feet in length, and yields from one to four peats in depth. The moss is of a brown colour near the surface, but gets darker and denser below, and the black peat is the harder and richer in heat-giving properties. The peat cut nearest the surface is spongier and burns away much more rapidly. Certain kinds of moss produce peats which burn with a strong sulphurous smell and leave a residue of red ashes. The spade used in cutting is called a "tuskar," and consists of a narrow steel blade about a foot long, bent at right angles to itself, forming a heel, to gauge the width and thickness of the peat. This is pressed down in the yielding moss to a depth of 15in., or thereabouts, by the foot of the worker applied to a step fixed in the handle. Usually it is the women's part to catch the wet peats as sliced out by the tuskar, and to arrange them edgewise in rows on the top of the bank to dry. The labour of peat-cutting is very arduous, especially to the women; but coming as it does but once a year, it is carried through with good grace. When lunch-time arrives the workers nestle down among the heather, corks fly from bottles, hard-boiled eggs, cheese and bread are partaken of, and all are recuperated for a fresh effort in the labour of the day.

The spreading of the peats is the second stage in their "manufacture." After they have stood a few days on edge to "firm," they are laid out flat on the ground, so that the combined



T. Kent.

WHERE PEATS LIE THREE DEEP.

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influence of sunshine and air may extract more of the moisture. After another interval they are firm enough to be "raised"; that

is, a couple of peats are set in the form of an inverted V, with another pair leaning across the open ends and perhaps a fifth laid across the top of the others. A few days afterwards, if the weather continues dry, they are "rooed," or built into larger heaps to facilitate drying, which at the same time minimises any risk of soaking from occasional showers. Thereafter comes the home-bringing, and if the season has been wet, considerable difficulty is experienced in carting them over the soft, yielding



T. Kent.

A PEAT-CARRIER OF EIGHTY AND HER DAUGHTER.

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and sodden tracks. Frequently the cart-wheels sink to the axles, and occasionally an upset results from the uneven nature of the ground; but in a dry summer the work progresses steadily, and clanking caravans descend from the hilltop, diverging at the foot to various destinations. In certain localities where the ground is very wet and uneven, oxen are employed for carting, as their wide-spreading hoofs prevent sinking in the soft moss, and they also adapt themselves more readily to a rough, irregular surface. When the day's carting ceases, the evening is spent in building the peatstack close to the dwelling-house. The outer rows of peat are all built with a slope so that the rain runs off easily, leaving the bulk of the stack dry in all weathers. A peat fire blazing on an open hearth is a cheerful sight and more effective in inducing sleep than many soporifics. Even ghost stories told to wondering children round the ingle-nook fail to keep erect the nodding head, and adults are equally susceptible to the sleep-inducing influence of a good peat fire. When bedtime arrives and all have retired except the housewife herself she rakes the ashes over the glowing



T. Kent.

A LONG PEAT-BANK.

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embers so that in the morning a spark remains to start the fire for another day. In the islands of Unst and Yell in Shetland the peats are mostly carried home on the backs of ponies, the ponies being driven or occasionally led in Indian file over the moorland tracks. The peats are carried in "maizies," creels of open ropework, one suspended on each side of the pony from a two-horned wooden saddle placed on its back. However, in

general throughout Shetland, women do most of the peat-carrying as well as the agricultural work in a community where the men are mainly engaged in fishing. The peats are carried on the back in straw or heather caizies and sometimes in sacks. The distance traversed is often long, but the time is well spent by the industrious Shetland women, who ply their knitting-needles on the march to and from the peat moss. Summer and winter alike

they are ever on the trot, and it is surprising to notice such a number of old women staggering under their burdens and winding their way over the desolate moors with feet enclosed in "rivlins" of dried cowskin. Some of the more aged carry "hecks," short crutches, to enable them to raise themselves with their heavy load after resting on the homeward journey. A visit to one of the more ancient houses will give one an idea of the simple life as practised a generation ago, but now undergoing a transition to more hygienic if less romantic dwellings. In a house recently visited by the writer the only outlet for the smoke was a hole or "lum" in the roof, unconnected with the fireplace. The hearth was in the centre of the floor instead of being built into the gable, according to modern methods. At the back of the hearth was a fragment of masonry 3ft. or 4ft. high to support the peats and to rest the few cooking utensils on. A wide-linked chain dangled from a rafter above, terminating in a crook to support the kettle or the dinner pot. The fittings of the room included an old-fashioned box-bed with sliding wooden doors, a large chest or "girnial" containing oatmeal, a churn with a flagstone cover, a small table, two chairs, a "sautie backet" on the wall, a sieve and a sack of malt. The rafters or "twart-baulks" bore

heavy festoons of soot, sagging under the accumulation of, perhaps, forty years. Light entered through a tiny pane of glass in the roof, supplemented by a feeble glimmer through the lum, and through one or two chinks in the wall. The lum was not exactly above the hearth, otherwise the fire would be in danger of extinction during the first heavy shower of rain. There being no chimney to guide the smoke

heavenwards, it only made partial exit through the opening in the roof; hence the entire room and every object within were stained dark brown and emitted an aroma of sulphurous peat reek.

Within the writer's experience it was the custom of every child to carry a peat to school during the winter months as a contribution to the general heating of the establishment. This rule was rigorously enforced, and severe punishment fell on the

youngster who arrived without a peat if the default was discovered. An empty fireplace near the entrance door at one end of the school building was the depository for peats, and they were thrown in with as much noise as possible, to acquaint the teacher with each pupil's compliance with the law. Some of the boys coming from a distance of two or three miles over rough roads felt it both a hardship and an indignity to carry peats so far, and often with half-frozen fingers. But the resourcefulness of youth overcame the difficulty by their leaving home without a peat, and picking one out of some farmer's stack near the school. Some lads, bolder than the others, purposely came in late, but first taking the precaution to extract their peats from the teacher's own peatstack at the end of the school. The fact of coming in late would of itself justify punishment; but if in addition no peats were brought, warmth was imparted to the culprits from another source, to wit, the "tawse." One island in Orkney possesses in proportion to its size a large area of peat bog, and in addition to those cut by the islanders for their own needs, a large quantity of peats are annually shipped to Scottish distilleries in the South. The peats are used in drying the malt and impart a distinct peaty flavour or bouquet to the national beverage, which is considered a virtue in the opinion of connoisseurs.

T. K.



T. Kent.

THE LOADED OX-CART.

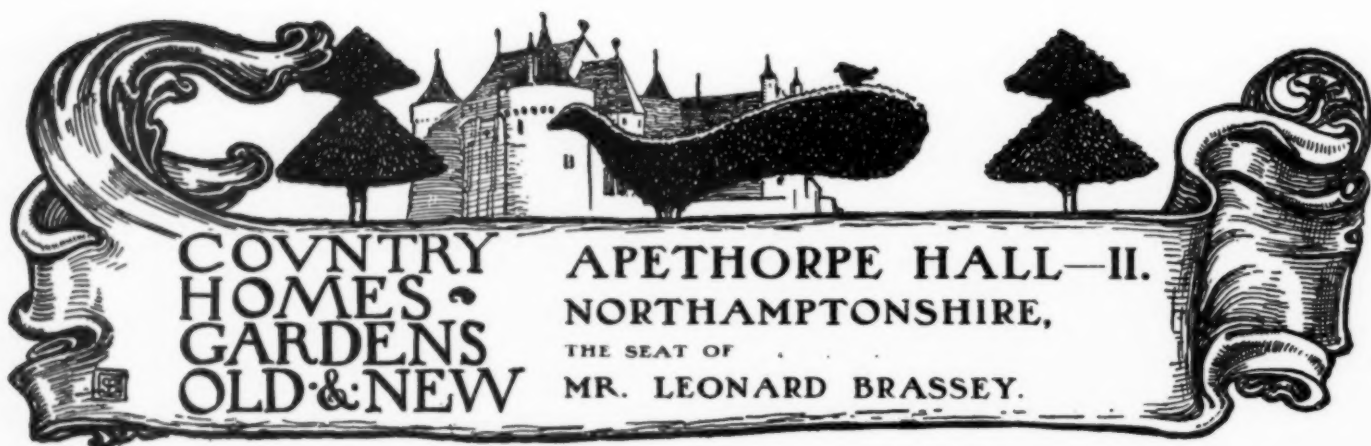
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T. Kent.

ON THE ISLAND OF BIRSAV.

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EXCEPT the chimney-piece in the dining-room there is little remaining trace of Sir Walter Mildmay's work in the fine suite of rooms which occupies the first floor of the south side of Apethorpe. There was, here, more reason than in most houses, such as Burleigh for instance, for putting the chief reception-rooms upstairs in the manner which was fashionable in Sir Francis Fane's time. The ground rises rather rapidly south and west of the house and, though a square bowling green is hollowed out in front of the south elevation, most of the garden is almost on a level with the first floor windows, while the western terrace is higher still and a good view is obtained from the garden-house which Mr. Reginald Blomfield has erected there after the manner of Sir Francis's arcades. Since Mr. Brassey's purchase of the estate in 1904, Mr. Blomfield has done much at Apethorpe, both inside and out. But his work nowhere obtrudes itself. It is mostly confined to such necessary reparations and alterations as an old and somewhat neglected house calls for to fit it to the conditions of modern life. Every good, old feature, of whatever period it might be, has been preserved, and so the house retains its history. Plaster ceilings and stone mantel-pieces were the interior features on which Sir Francis Fane mainly relied

for his decorative effects. The ceilings for the most part are panelled out with broad, flat, decorated ribs, and are filled in with bold strap ornament or heraldic devices. In the drawing-room the central line of panels contains shields of the Nevills and their alliances, and the side panels their crests and badges. The idea is the same as that which Sir Thomas Brudenell carried out at much the same time in the Tower Room at neighbouring Deene. Sir Thomas, however, continued the heraldry on his mantel-piece, whereas Sir Francis treated his allegorically and biblically. In the drawing-room the angel is preventing Abraham's sword from descending upon Esau, while, in a lower panel, the book, the sceptre and the sword are displayed. In the next room the chief figures hold the sword and the olive branch; above, a cherub carries what would seem to be the Earl's coronet, which was conferred on Sir Francis in 1624, at the moment when he was completing this interior work. The coronet is held with much impartiality just between the representatives of peace and war; but the former lady looks up as if it was certainly to be her prize. The curtained canopy which frames the figures has its counterpart in the Mildmay tomb in the church, erected in 1621. The same sculptor was probably employed for the monument and for the



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WESTERN BAY WINDOW OF THE LONG GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE SMALL DRAWING-ROOM, FORMERLY THE KING'S ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

mantel-pieces, but the figures in the former show far greater knowledge of anatomy and skill in sculpture and are worthy of Nicholas Stone. The small drawing-room was known as the King's Room, and in the centre of the ceiling is a fine plaster presentment of the Royal Arms, with James I.'s supporters

ribs having a delightful vine pattern resembling that in the long gallery at Knole. The frieze of dragon-headed strapwork motifs with human figures in the intervals is bold and successful in design. The mantel-piece is said to refer to the rash voyage of Prince Charles and Buckingham to Spain at the time of the

projected marriage with the Infanta in 1623, and it was certainly the most talked-of event at the moment this mantel-piece was erected. The ship in full sail, the Prince of Wales's feathers and the arms holding out a ducal crown and an anchor (Buckingham was Lord High Admiral) all typify the occasion. The finest mantel-piece at Apethorpe, however, is unquestionably that in the gallery. It is very well designed and the sculpture, especially that of the central figure, is akin to that of the Mildmay tomb. King David is playing the harp; on one side of him is the head of Goliath transfixed with a sword and on the other the stone-laden sling. Below, in a charmingly enframed panel, is the inscription:

Rare & ever to be wisht maye sounde
heere
Instruments wch fainte sprites &
muses cheere
Composing for the Body, Soule &
Eare
Which sickness sadness & Foule
Spirits feare.

The gallery was the music room of the house, and the piano, at one end, shows that it is still used as such. It is 100ft. in length, and the way in which it is now furnished cannot be too highly commended. Here is none of that modern crowding which so ill assorts with the character and decoration of rooms that date from the time when furniture was well made, much prized and sparsely used. The furniture in the Apethorpe gallery is mostly of rather later date than the room itself, but it is very suitable and well chosen and there is none too much of it. The oak plank floor stretches its long length and mirrors the few objects set on its polished surface. The ceiling of geometrically panelled ribs, the lead-lighted range of windows, the wainscoting with its fluted pilasters and carved frieze remain, as they were intended to be, the leading features. There is a feeling of spaciousness without bareness, of richness without confusion in this great apartment which is thoroughly enjoyable. Sir Francis Fane did not long live to enjoy the possession of the Westmoreland earldom and the completed house. His son, Mildmay, succeeded him in 1628, and in the early days of the civil strife he was a declared Royalist and took up arms for the King. He was imprisoned in 1642, and when released was still limited in his freedom to a

radius of five miles round his home. But when the Parliament by its ordinance of 1643 had declared the estates of all persons in arms against them under sequestration, yet promised easy terms to those who at once submitted, Lord Westmoreland was one of the first to seek safety. He compounded in the sum of £2,000, took the Covenant and lived mostly at Apethorpe during



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PART OF THE DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"wrought in fretwork," as this example of the plasterer's art is described by old Fuller. The surrounding cove has no panel ribs, but is filled with one of the large-mannered strapwork designs which had then come into vogue and of which there are fine examples at Audley End and Crewe Hall. In the next, or "Prince's" Room, the panelled system is reverted to, the broad

the ensuing years, occasionally relieving his enforced idleness by penning lampoons against the existing *régime* and its leaders. It was not a moment for much building or great expenditure, but it was he who added the Renaissance ornamentation to the outer side of the Tudor gate-tower. One of the unfortunate results of the seventh Earl's eighteenth-century alterations was

the Tudor window, together with the niches and their beasts, were embellishments added by the second Earl in 1653. He lived to welcome the restored Stewart, dying in 1666. Neither of his sons who followed as third and fourth Earls seem to have left their mark on Apethorpe. To these two brothers succeeded three brothers. There was a time of quick successions, for Vere, fourth



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A DEDICATION TO MUSIC.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the engulfing of the eastern side of this tower by the projecting Palladian work. Thus one of the niches and its superimposed heraldic beast have disappeared. The arms in the gateway spandrels were Sir Walter Mildmay's mode of announcing that the home of the Wolstons had become his property; but the pediment and swags and shield and cornucopia which enframe

Earl, who succeeded his brother in 1691, died two years later, and his eldest son, also Vere, survived him for six years only. Thus Thomas, a lad of nineteen, became sixth Earl before the seventeenth century expired. Soon after he obtained Court appointments, being a Lord of the Bedchamber to Queen Anne's husband, George of Denmark, and on the Hanoverian succession

he served George I. in the same capacity. To him Apethorpe owes its orangery, built about 1718, and a good example of the dignified but plain mode often adopted for such edifices at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The sixth Earl, however, was no great builder, but left that fashionable accomplishment to his brother John, who succeeded him in 1736, although he had long before that completed his most important architectural work.



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IN THE SEVENTH EARL'S LIBRARY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

By profession he was a soldier and served under Marlborough in Queen Anne's wars. But he lived in an age when a knowledge of classic architecture was part of the aristocratic curriculum. This was the time when the Earl of Burlington, returning from his Italian travels, established himself as an arbiter of taste in England, and when Kent, Leoni and Campbell were the professional satellites that revolved round this amateur sun. Palladio was their master, and not only were native architectural

forms banished, but native habits and customs of living had to be modified to fit into the Italian palaces that they built. So deeply bitten was John Fane with this fashion that it was not enough that he should have a house after Palladio's manner; it must be an exact reproduction of one of the master's examples. Mereworth, the Kentish place that came to the first Earl through the Nevills, was now in the hands of John, and not of his elder brother. He also

must have been in possession of a large fortune, for he determined to sweep away the old moated home of his ancestress, Lady Despencer, and employ Campbell to set in its place a copy of the villa which Palladio had designed for Monsignor Paolo Almerigo and which Lord Burlington was also using as the leading idea for his house at Chiswick. The scheme is of a central dome with four pedimented porticoes, and is not unadapted for a summer residence in a hot climate. To fit it for England the dome had to be constructed with an under covering of wood and plaster, an upper covering of wood and lead and a middle brick structure through which the chimney flues were conducted in order to discharge the smoke through a small copper cupola at the top. The hall was the principal apartment, being 38ft. in diameter and 60ft. in height, the only light coming through four circular openings, 5ft. in diameter, high up in the dome. Well may Mr. Reginald Blomfield characterise it as "an extraordinary design for an English country house illustrating clearly the gradual decay which was overtaking English architecture." Yet Horace Walpole, when he visited it, was so delighted that it "recovered him a little from the Gothic." This shows how great was the danger to Apethorpe when the builder of Mereworth succeeded to it in 1736. He certainly formed the plan of setting a new and fashionable classic coat on to the old Tudor and Jacobean body. Campbell had died soon after Mereworth was completed in 1723, and it does not appear who was employed by John Fane, after he had become seventh Earl of Westmoreland, to make the Apethorpe design. What that design was the classic elevation on the south side towards the quadrangle fully shows. It is a somewhat dull and heavy example of its style, and it is a matter for gratification that the conversion of Apethorpe went no further than this and the block between the old north gateway and the gallery, where is situated the library illustrated. We do not know what stayed the hand of

the seventh Earl, but it may well enough have been pecuniary consideration if Horace Walpole is right in saying that Mereworth cost £100,000, a sum by no means wasted if it caused the saving of so much of Apethorpe's ancient and historic features.

John Fane had sat as a Tory knight of the shire for Kent before he went to the Upper House, and as a peer he aided the downfall of Sir Robert Walpole in 1742, and is



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE LONG GALLERY.

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said to have given money to the mob to light bonfires on the occasion, a proceeding which the fallen Minister's son held to be "mean" on the part of "dull old Westmoreland." Later on, however, he more or less forgives him and calls him "an aged man of gravity and dignity," when in 1759 he was installed as the Tory Chancellor of Oxford University with even greater magnificence and more show of his political colours than had recently marked the like ceremony at Cambridge when the Whig Duke of Newcastle became its Chancellor. The accession of

mistook Lady Sarah Lennox for the Queen, kneeled to her, and would have kissed her hand if she had not prevented him. People think that a Chancellor of Oxford was naturally attracted by the blood of Stewart." The next year he died and, following the example of his two elder brothers before him, left no male heir of his body. The title, but only part of the estates, fell to a distant cousin, descended from a younger son of the first Earl. Thomas Fane, who thus became eighth Earl, was a younger son of Henry Fane of Bristol, and, like his father, he married

the daughter of a Bristol merchant. He settled at Westbury, that favourite country house locality of Bristol citizens. His elder brother Francis, a lawyer, had bought Brympton, the old Somersetshire home of the Sydenhams, which has more than once appeared in these pages, and on his death in 1757 it came to Thomas Fane. Five years later Apethorpe was also his, but he does not seem ever to have connected himself with it, for he died at Bath and was buried at Westbury. With the succession of his son in 1771, however, the Northamptonshire seat once more became residential, but it was probably not till after his short three years' term of occupation that some attempt was made to give its rooms the character of that time, for Lady Ossory was there in 1783, and her description of it drew from Horace Walpole the rejoinder: "I never saw Apethorpe, Madam, nor is your account inviting. Old mansions papered and laid open are like modern-ancient ladies in *Polonoises* and with bare necks." Before that it had passed to a man who acquired considerable political distinction. John Fane was born before his grandfather had succeeded as eighth Earl, but he himself became tenth Earl as a lad of fifteen. It would therefore be about the time when he came into possession of Sir Walter Mildmay's old home that he went to Sir Walter Mildmay's "Puritan foundation" of Emmanuel College, Cambridge. During his college days he formed a fast friendship with the younger Pitt, which lasted throughout the latter's life and led to political association. The Earl became Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1790, but being opposed to Catholic Emancipation he resigned the office five years later. Soon after, he was appointed Privy Seal and, except for the few months when "All the Talents" came in on Pitt's death in 1806, filled that office for thirty years. He was a man of wealth, for he was who made the famous Gretna

Green match with Miss Child, the heiress of the great banker, in 1782. It may have been for her reception that Apethorpe was decked with the new papers that Lady Ossory found there the following year; but there are no signs that Lord Westmoreland followed his father-in-law's example at Osterley and employed Robert Adam to design decorations and furniture.

Osterley did not remain to the Fanes, for on the Earl's death, in 1841, it went, with most of the Child fortune, to his eldest daughter, Lady Jersey, and Apethorpe was the only



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IN THE PRINCE'S ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

George III. with his Tory leanings was a source of gratification to the old peer and brought him to Court. But in 1761 when he hastened to pay his respects to the new Queen a slight *contretemps* occurred. The young King's affections were much set on the Duke of Richmond's charming daughter, Lady Sarah, and it was to prevent the danger of his making her his Queen that Lord Bute hurriedly brought about the marriage with the Mecklenburg Princess. It must, then, have been an awkward moment when at one of her first Drawing Rooms, as Horace Walpole relates, "Lord Westmoreland, not very young or clear-sighted,

country house of the eleventh Earl. His public career was largely spent in his father's lifetime, and it is, therefore, by his courtesy title of Lord Burghersh that he is remembered. Born in 1784, he was an officer on active service all through the later campaigns against Napoleon. He was present at the Battle of Vimiera and the retreat to Torres Vedras. In 1813 and 1814

the violin and of composition under the most distinguished Continental masters. His failure to find adequate teaching and training in England led him to found the Academy of Music in 1823. He wrote seven operas, and his reputation as a musician equalled that of his Countess as an artist. With this distinguished couple the Apethorpe Fanes reached their



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THE TUDOR ENTRANCE GATE WITH THE SECOND EARL'S ADDITIONS.

"C.L."

he was in Germany, and entered France with the invading forces as a soldier, but remained there as a diplomatist. Later on in life, after he succeeded to the earldom, he represented his Queen at Berlin and at Vienna. War and diplomacy, however, by no means absorbed the attention of this able and active-minded man. His taste for music led him to a serious study of

climax. After this there set in decay. The head of the house was no longer a man of great possessions, and the agricultural depression of the closing period of the nineteenth century brought to its acute stage the problem of meeting the enhanced expenditure of modern life with diminished revenues. Thus it came about that, in 1904, the estate which had been



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THE NEW FORECOURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

granted to Walter Mildmay in 1550 was lost to his descendant, the thirteenth Earl of Westmoreland. It could not have fallen into better hands than those of its present owner, who, under Mr. Blomfield's advice, has made it so desirable a habitation without destroying its ancient charm. The old gardens had largely been swept away. The east front, made into the principal entrance, opened on to the park, which had absorbed the previous garden ground almost up to the avenue of great yew trees—long independent of the topiary's shears—which stretches southward

on the higher ground beyond the house, and which is certainly a survival of the lay out of the old formalist school. But what was taken away has now been once more put back with increment. The old "gravel garden" of the 1721 view could not be exactly reproduced, as the entrance is still to the east, and a forecourt, large and simple in its lines, has been devised with a low retaining wall and with tall, obelisk-headed piers fitted with iron gates that occupy the centres of three of its sides. From the higher ground



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THE SIXTH EARL'S ORANGERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the west terrace the visitor now looks down upon the vast and complicated group of picturesque and varied buildings, upon the great cedar tree, feathering to the ground, and

upon a whole series of garden pictures and compositions which combine to give the dignified and venerable house a meet and sympathetic environment. T.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

IN *Paul Verlaine—His Life—His Work* (T. Werner Laurie) M. Edmond Lepelletier has done service for a friend and a great poet. It is a sumptuous book well bound, well printed and well translated. The ordinary hash of letters to friends, hearsay evidence and "documents" that help to make up the usual biography have little place in this volume, which is built up of Verlaine as Lepelletier knew him—Verlaine as a schoolboy; Verlaine as a Government clerk; Verlaine seen through the smoke of cafés; Verlaine rolling home intoxicated to the wife who divorced him; Verlaine mad, attacking his best friend with a swordstick; Verlaine sad and confessing imaginary sins to a glass of absinthe and a chance acquaintance; Verlaine dead, lying in his wretched lodgings in the Rue Descartes, Eugène Krantz, the companion of the poet's last days, collecting scraps of his manuscripts—to sell them for drink. The life story of this extraordinary man, with the face of a bully of Montmartre and the music of "*La Bonne Chanson*" in his soul, is the more sad just because of that music which might have been the voice of spring herself and yet was the voice of Verlaine.

"Paul Verlaine—on the borders of night, through my voice, the sorrow of the brethren of your youth says to you 'Adieu,' and their admiration 'for ever.'"

"You passed away in suffering. Your martyrdom is finished. May your God give you what you hoped for! but amongst us your fame remains imperishable, for you have built up a monument like to none other. By shallow marble steps, through the melancholy whispering of the rose bays, we mount to a great white chapel wherein fair wax tapers shine! . . . We love you and lament you, poor dead. We adore you, pure immortal."

Thus M. Catulle Mendès at the grave of the poet. Poetical language which expresses little of Verlaine, however much it may hint at the beauty of his works. Paul Verlaine was afflicted with a terrible disease—the insanity of the sane. Not the loud-voiced insanity which condemns a man to an asylum, but the low-voiced insanity that whispers a man into a café, whispers him away from the friends who might save him, whispers the absinthe to his lips and words to his mouth that never were the expression of his true mind. Lazy, apathetic, without ambition in the affairs of the world, in the affairs of the imagination he was restless. The burning intelligence that produced "*La Bonne Chanson*," the "*Poèmes Saturniens*" and the "*Fêtes Galantes*" could not rest and find peace in the ordinary affairs of life. He had to be doing, and in his idle moments with the assistance of egotism and absinthe he constructed that villainous masterpiece—Verlaine as we know him by report. He did this in his confessions spoken, hinted and written. His passion for confession was equal to his passion for drink, and one was the indirect outcome of the other. Both were obsessions, his imaginary crimes lay not in his soul but in the glass; he drank them as one drinks typhoid germs, and they filled his conversation with flame, just as the typhoid virus fills the body with fever. Men who talk of their bravery are rarely very brave, and men who boast of their sins are generally more simple than sinful. Topsy on the rail confessing her extreme wickedness to the admiring little niggers and Verlaine at the Café François confessing his extreme wickedness to the admiring little poets are not so far apart as difference in time, intellect and colour would seem to make them—pathetic figures both.

Against all those confessions of his, written down in the Great Book, will no doubt be found at the last day this note, terse and summing up the sinner who made them—He was drunk. That was Verlaine's great sin—a low, commonplace sin, and he tried to adorn it. M. Lepelletier, who knew the man more intimately than the man knew himself, gives it as his incontestable belief that there was not one word of truth in all those fantastic and criminal reports which the world has listened to about Paul Verlaine and which Paul Verlaine helped to circulate about himself.

But it is the portrait of Arthur Rimbaud, Verlaine's evil genius, that lends this book its darkest pages and, after Verlaine, its most striking character. It is a portrait drawn full length and with all the tatters in; nothing is omitted till we stand astonished at the smallness of the figure contrasted with the largeness of its degradation. In the midst of Verlaine's confessions, late drinkings at the cafés, late returns at night to his unfortunate wife, suddenly, as if raised like an evil spirit, Arthur Rimbaud stepped into the hazy circle of the poet's life:

. . . a sinister character, an extraordinary young man, whose strange verses, barbaric in colour and of bizarre force, have recently been exhumed. He

had all the appearance of a youth escaped from a reformatory; slender, pale, awkward, endowed with a robust appetite and an unquenchable thirst; cold, contemptuous, cynical, he rapidly dominated the weak Verlaine.

Rimbaud was always under the influence of drink or opium. He looked like a boy out of a reformatory. Had you seen him loitering about your house you would have given him in charge as a suspected area-sneak. He came to Paris without a penny, he insulted everyone who tried to help him, he acclaimed Verlaine as the only poet worth reading; by the power of his own wonderful egotism he made himself listened to, his poems were read and he fastened on Verlaine. To a drunkard of Rimbaud's type and to a drunkard of Verlaine's type the first necessity is drink, the second a companion who drinks. Verlaine with that great intellect of his would have bored a sober man to death with his conversation when that same intellect was obfuscated by alcohol, but he did not bore Rimbaud nor did Rimbaud bore him. Their minds could fly together in the paradise of brandy, winged by the same disease. Rimbaud became, in fact, as much of a necessity to Verlaine as the cafés he haunted, the liquor he drank, or the pipe he smoked. They travelled together to Belgium and England, and in Brussels one day, quarrelling over a question of money, Verlaine shot Rimbaud with a revolver, wounding him slightly in the wrist. The act was unpremeditated, almost accidental, yet Verlaine was arrested and received two years' imprisonment.

And now comes the unexpected and almost marvellous fact that Rimbaud, the puny café loafer, the decadent poet, forgetting Verlaine and poetry, turned to work as few men have ever turned to work, and always mean, seeking money as he had before sought fame, departed for Abyssinia, where he had obtained a post, became a slave-owner and trader, had business dealings with Menelik and made a fortune. He came back to France and died from the results of an accident at Marseilles. Charleville, his native town, has given Arthur Rimbaud, the successful tradesman, a statue, but Paul Verlaine has none either at Metz, where he was born on March 30th, 1844, or at Paris, where he died on January 8th, 1896.

Everyone knows the end of Paul Verlaine—the hospitals that gave him shelter, the cafés that gave him drink, the privations, the miseries, his lonely death and his dramatic funeral. All those people who spoke at the grave spoke of the dead man in the language of romance; M. Lepelletier speaks in the language of everyday life, and his book is a grand corrective for those young enthusiasts who, seeing the squalors of irregular geniuses through the splendours of their works, may be led to imitate the squalors. How many young Frenchmen have ruined themselves by imitating the weaknesses of genius it would be impossible to say. Should any young Englishman feel inclined so to do I would recommend him first a careful reading of this fascinating and terrible book.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

THE BRITISH TAR.

ALTHOUGH the sailor has always been a favourite figure in English life, no serious attempt has hitherto been made to show him as he really is, and we all must be grateful that an expert such as Captain Robinson has taken the matter in hand, and gathered together a mass of material that forms a perfect mine of information—*The British Tar in Fact and Fiction; The Poetry, Pathos, and Humour of the Sailor's Life*, by Charles Napier Robinson, Commander, Royal Navy (Harper). The author has drawn from three different sources for his facts. Knowing the wealth there is of pictorial art, he has selected from his own large collection of prints a series of pictures of the sailor under different aspects, more particularly on the social side, in continuation of what he has already done in his former work on "*The British Fleet*." He has drawn upon the national literature for illustrations of his subject in early poetry, the old mystery plays, the regular drama, the nautical novelists and the ballad writers. He also quotes certain vulgar writers such as Ned Ward, the oddly named Barnaby Rudge and others whose criticisms can only be accepted in so far as they are corroborated from other sources. By uniting the results obtained from such different streams of information, we gain a vivid picture of the British sailor through the different centuries. Constantly changing in outward appearance and becoming like the rest of the nation more civilised, he remains always the same in the possession of that sea instinct which has so overpowering an influence over some natures. It is the formation of an ever-resourceful character by the constant buffets of elemental nature that has produced, and always will produce, the remarkable individuality of the sailor.

The prints which form a special feature of the book are of the greatest interest, but one feels that many of the old designers were not very good artists and, possessing little invention, harped overmuch on the two elements of love-making—the sailor's parting and returning. Some of the prints published by Carington Bowles are mere caricatures. It is not till we come to the works of Singleton, Stothard, Wheatley and some others that we find a really artistic treatment of the subjects. One of the best of the illustrations is a reproduction of a Bartolozzi print which tells its story well, entitled "The Spanish Dollars make the English Sailors Merry." Vivares's sketch has reference to the capture of the Spanish frigates, *Santa Brigida* and *Thetis*, in October, 1799, when each of the fortunate tars who was among the captors received over £180 in prize-money, which most of them speedily got rid of at Portsmouth. Our great poet Chaucer was the first to give a vivid portrait of the shipman, as he calls him, in that splendid gallery of mediæval portraits which he has drawn for us in the prologue to the "Canterbury Tales":

Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
With many a tempest hath his berd ben schake,
He knew wel alle the havenes, as thei were,
From Scotland to the Cape of Fynestere,
And every cryk in Bretayne and in Spayne;
His barge y-clepu! was the Magdelayne.

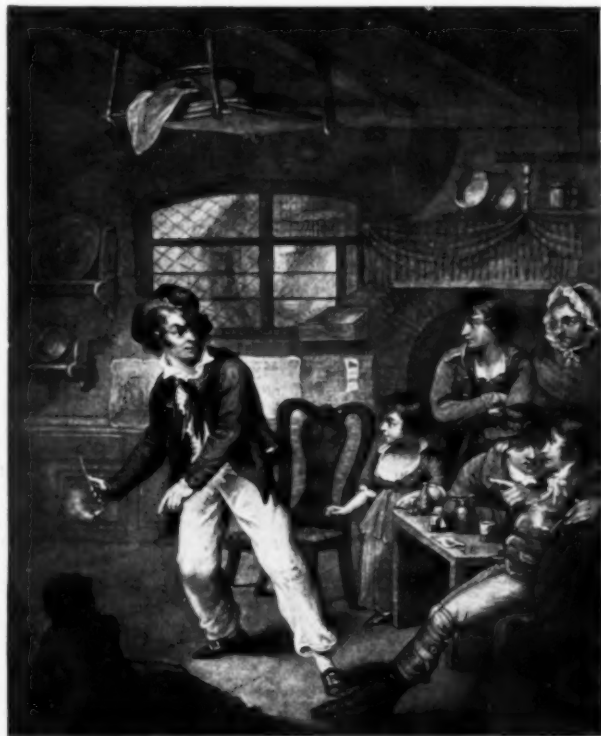
The word "Tar" which gives the title to this book was not known until late in the seventeenth century. The original word was tarpaulin, from the waterproof covering used at sea. This is to be found in Pepys's Diary, applied not to the ordinary seamen, but to the working captains in opposition to the gentlemen captains who were so unpopular. It gradually came to be used for the ordinary sailor, and in the "Turkish Spy" (1691) we read of "the tarpaulin and the soldier." Tarpaulin was then reduced to tar, as it is used by Wycherley and other dramatists, when it soon became common in literature and conversation. Captain Robinson quotes from Pepys's Diary an interesting anecdote of the sailors' trust in a beloved commander, and their faithfulness to death and after. Sir Christopher Myngs had died of wounds received in the "Four Days' Battle" (1666), and was buried on June 13th. Sir William Coventry and Pepys were coming away from the funeral when twelve "able lusty proper men" came to the carriage door, and one of them addressed Coventry thus: "We are here a dozen of us that have long known and loved, and served our dead Commander, Sir Christopher Mings, and have now done the last office of laying him in the ground. We would be glad we had any other



A MAN-OF-WAR TOWING A FRIGATE INTO HARBOUR.

to offer after him, and in revenge of him. All we have is our lives; if you will please to get His Royal Highness to give us a fireship among us all, here is a dozen of us, out of all which choose you one to be commander, and the rest of us, whoever he is will serve him; and if possible do that that shall show our memory of our dead Commander, and our revenge."

In a lighter vein how good is the story of Captain Edward Thompson, author of an adaptation of Shadwell's nautical comedy "The Fair Quaker of Deal," and his men! When Thompson was appointed to the *Grampus*, the men who had served with him in his last ship volunteered without exception to join the new one. They had just been paid off, and they asked for a week in which to spend their money,



A SAILOR RELATING HIS ADVENTURES.

which was granted. Thompson was told that he had done a foolish thing, but he answered that every man would keep to his word. At this time "The Fair Quaker" was being acted at the Plymouth Theatre, and the Captain treated the men and their sweethearts to the play. "Having thoroughly enjoyed themselves and spent their money, the sailors all turned up to the day, as they said they would."

Captain Robinson has several notes on costume and uniform in the Navy which are of interest. Chaucer's shipman's attire is described as "rough and homely, being a gown of *falding* reaching to the knee. It was a sea-gown, of a kind long continued to be worn by seamen, girt about the waist, and though represented in the Ellesmere MS. as black, it was probably of a dark blue, or rusty brown colour, the material being a rough serge-like fabric intended to stand hard usage." The mariners of the Company of Merchant Adventurers "had a livery of watchet blue, which they wore upon great occasions or when they were paraded, but which otherwise remained in the charge of the merchants for its safekeeping while the men were wearing their working clothes." The uniform of the Navy, which at first was only provided for the captain, lieutenant and midshipman, was instituted by George II. in 1748. The King having seen the Duchess of Bedford riding in the park in a blue habit faced with white, was so pleased with her costume that he adopted it for the new naval uniform. Although much of this book is devoted to the men, the officers are not forgotten, and there is much information respecting the evolution of the midshipmen and the constant complaints made against the conduct of the pursers, who so constantly troubled Samuel Pepys in the administration of the Navy. Mr. John Leyland has contributed an interesting Introduction on "The Place of the Sea Officer and Seaman in Naval History," which illustrates the Influence of Personality (1217-1702) and the period of the Makers of Victory (1702-1815).

H. B. WHEATLEY.

BEAUTIFUL PROSE.

Faith, by R. B. Cunningham Graham. (Duckworth.)

AMONG the innumerable story-writers of to-day Mr. Cunningham Graham has a place apart. Master of a perfect style, he has withal a point of view peculiarly his own, which, while it never intrudes, serves to give to his work a refreshing sense of individuality. Yet it is as a word-painter that Mr. Cunningham Graham is pre-eminent. He sees his stories so clearly himself that they come to the reader as definitely completed scenes, described not, indeed, too minutely, but with an extraordinary sense of "values." In the story of *Sor Candida and the Bird*, the pictures of the convent and the simple life of the sisters—of Avila, now motionless in the heat of a Spanish summer, now stirred with the excitement of

a yearly festival—come to us with the completeness of things perfectly described. The simplicity of these descriptions, the “neither too much nor too little,” and the absence in them of effort, show the master hand. And in all the stories there is an ironic humour which relieves admirably situations which might otherwise be too poignant. And then there is the distinction of Mr. Cunningham Graham’s really beautiful prose.

A ROMANCE OF SIENA.

The Love Story of St. Bel, by Bernard Capes. (Methuen.)

MR. BERNARD CAPES has gone a long way back for his new story. It begins in the year 1374, when the famous Caterina, the dyer’s daughter, was attaining to the height of her influence, and when the third visitation of the plague was terrifying the inhabitants. What inspired the romance was undoubtedly the well-known story of the manner in which Saint Catherine overcame the hardness and obstinacy of the young robber on the scaffold and accomplished his conversion at the very gates of death. It gives the author a wild and stirring setting for a love story of great ingenuity. The characters are as alluring as they are uncommon. The girl heroine leaves an impression of purity and beauty in the reader’s mind without any unnecessary emphasis on the part of the author; and the villain is one of the most singular and attractive of his kind we have met in a fairly wide range of imaginative literature. This is the best story Mr. Bernard Capes has yet written, and holds out promise of something still finer to follow. The faults of it are that in Catherine’s case a few hints from the chronicle have been exaggerated until her language and action come very near to the limit of caricature. The characters themselves, too, use an archaic language that sometimes comes pariously near blink verse.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.

Eliza Brightwen, The Life and Thoughts of a Naturalist. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

THERE have not been many women naturalists, and the history of Mrs. Brightwen’s literary work is as exceptional as is her success. With the majority of writers the interesting period is in youth, when they are fighting their way. Mrs. Brightwen had advanced into elderly middle age before she attempted the achievement of literary fame. Of feeble constitution, she suffered very much from illness in her early days. She was born at Banff on October 30th, 1830, and her earliest volume, “*Wild Nature Won by Kindness*,” was not published until 1892. In her sixtieth year “she set herself assiduously to the balancing sentences, and building paragraphs,” task of arranging phrases, The book was a very great success, and gave her life a new interest by bringing into existence a vast number of correspondents. Fortunately for herself, Mrs. Brightwen never had been under the compulsion of poverty, so that her writing was not undertaken with any pecuniary motive. Her parents were George and Margaret Elder, her father being a brother of that Alexander Elder who was one of the founders of the publishing house of Smith, Elder and Co. She was married to Mr. Brightwen in 1855, and in 1872 her husband bought the grove and beautiful estate in the neighbourhood of Stanmore, partly in Middlesex and partly in Hertfordshire, which his wife’s books were later to make celebrated. The little book before us contains a very sympathetic introduction and epilogue by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and contains in addition an Autobiography of Mrs. Brightwen, a Journal between the years 1855 and 1872, and Thoughts (1892—1895). The latter are short meditations, in which the spirit of the naturalist works beautifully but under the difficulties imposed by bad health and sleeplessness.

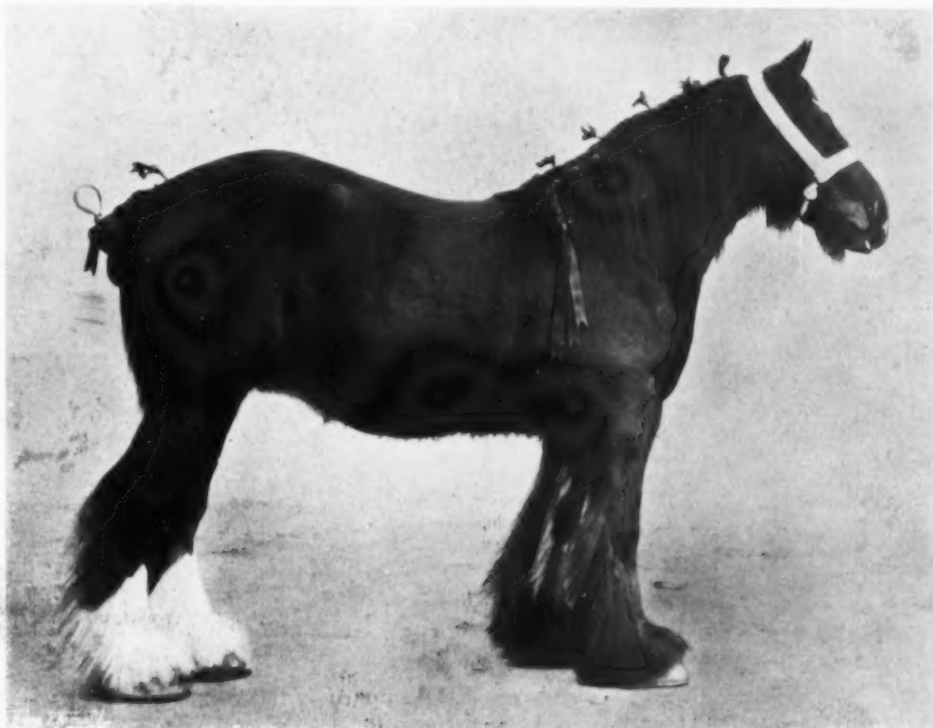
BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

- The Love-Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh. Edited by Alexander Carlyle. Illustrated. In two vols. John Lane. 25s. net.
The City of Beautiful Nonsense, by E. Temple Thurston. (Chapman and Hall.)
South American Sketches, by W. H. Hudson. (Duckworth.)
Dromina, by John Ayscough. (Arrowsmith.)
The Half Moon, by Ford Madox Hueffer. (Eveleigh Nash.)
Recollections of Baron de Fréuilly, by Arthur Chuquet, translated by Frederick Lees. (Heinemann.)

[“NOVELS OF THE WEEK” ARE REVIEWED ON PAGE LXX.]

LORD ROTHSCHILD’S SHIRES AT ISLINGTON.

LORD ROTHSCHILD’S stud at Tring has a power of resuscitation which must be almost unique. Last year there was a great sale by which the stud seemed to be denuded of all its strongest members, and yet in 1909 it has already achieved its greatest success in the show-ring. On many previous occasions Lord Rothschild has carried away the championship. He has produced at the appropriate moment an Alston Rose, or an equally brilliant mare or stallion; but it was reserved



W. A. Rouch.

CHILTERN MAID: THE CHAMPION MARE.

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for this year for him to take both championships and sweep the board of all its principal honours. It speaks something



W. A. Rouch.

HALSTEAD ROYAL DUKE: THE CHAMPION STALLION.

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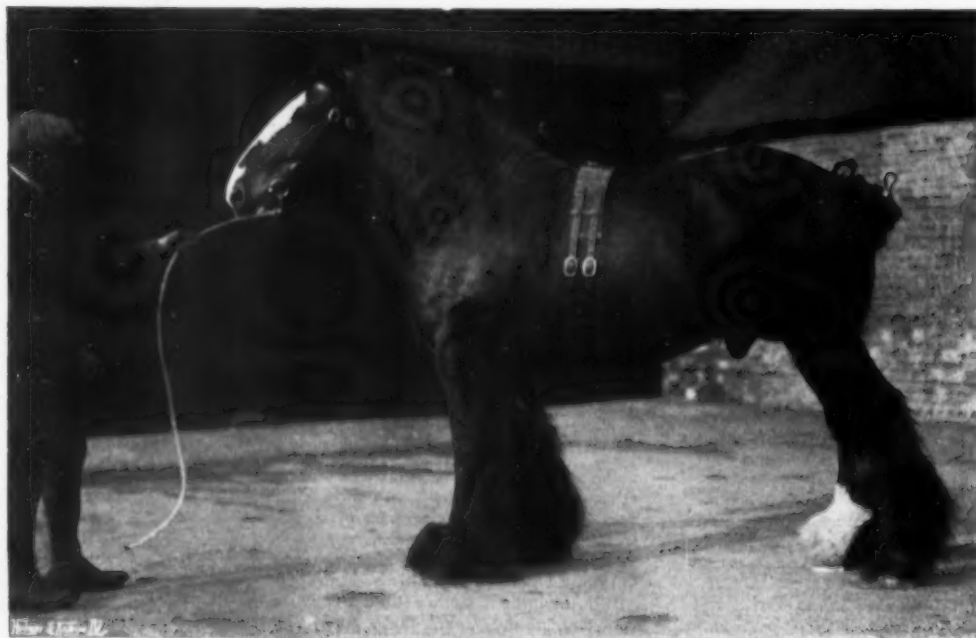
W. A. Rouch. CHAMPION'S CHOICE: 1st PRIZE YEARLING FILLY.

Copyright.



W. A. Rouch. LUNESDALE KINGMAKER: 5 YR. OLD

Copyright.



W. A. Rouch. CATTLEGATE COMBINATION: 7 YR. OLD

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for the great care, intelligence and knowledge with which animals are purchased for the stud, that all the winners this year, with the exception of one, were Shires that had been bought. It is still more interesting to know that those winning animals came, generally speaking, from tenant farmers. Sometimes doubt is raised in regard to the advisability of encouraging tenants to keep Shire mares; but the events of this year go far to show that the recommendation is sound. Given a moderately good mare, it is easily possible nowadays to secure at a reasonable fee the services of a horse in the first rank, and when this is done with ordinary judgment and sagacity, the resulting progeny are almost sure to be at the worst valuable cart-horses that can be sold at a profit for the purposes of ordinary haulage, while there always exists the possibility that among them may be one, like the winners of this year, that will appeal to the heart and eye of a connoisseur in Shire flesh who is willing to back his fancy to the extent of a high price. This is the justification for the farmer going in for Shire-breeding. It does not mean in all cases that showing may be good policy on his part. The primary use of heavy horses on the farm is to perform hard work connected with the various acts of husbandry, such as ploughing, carting, harrowing and the like. To distract the attention from this particular business to the preparation of animals for show purposes cannot in every case be altogether wise. The farmer who is a good judge of horses, and has the instinct for breeding, will probably do best to content himself with the satisfactory price which he can obtain for a "plum"; if he does not know already, he will soon find out that showing is not in itself a profitable game. It is a wholesome amusement for the rich, and a natural occupation for those who make Shire-breeding a profession; but it calls the owner of a horse very frequently from home, it necessitates the animal being sent on many long and expensive railway journeys, and in these days it is absolutely impossible for anyone to foretell with exactitude what the result of a competition will be. One man may know that he has something specially good in the way of horse or mare, but then breeding is pursued with so much keenness and ability that it is quite possible for someone else to have a better. Many horses that are now rejected almost at first sight would have been very sure of a high place in the ring twenty-five years ago. Thus the moral seems to be that the farmer may, with great advantage to himself, keep Shire mares for doing the work of the farm and breed from them judiciously for the purpose of selling mares and geldings for ordinary work, and with the hope that one day he may find himself in the possession of something very extra. Among the animals that came from a farm is the fine two year old, Slipton King, a deep, wide horse, with every promise of making an impressive

sire. He was by Blythwood Kingmaker, and was bred by a tenant farmer, Mr. Sylvanus Brown. In the three year old class Lord Rothschild produced Halstead Royal Duke, the champion of this year. We show a photograph of this horse that will enable the reader to form a fairly correct judgment of this big and beautifully proportioned animal, whose feet are particularly deserving of attention. He is the offspring of that famous sire, Lockinge Forest King, who has already accounted for such a long array of winners in the spring show. It is well worth noting that Lockinge Forest King sired both the champions and had some twenty-two of his progeny mentioned either as prize-winners or reserves. This three year old was bred by another farmer, Mr. John Bradley of Tilton, Leicester. There was Menestrel blood in the dam, and Menestrel blood was in the champion for 1904 and 1907, so that it is evident that that blood must be taken into account even in a farmer's stud. Another stallion of which we show an illustration is Cattlegate Combination. He was bred by Mr. John Bell of Cattlegate Farm, Enfield, and is a singularly neat and well-shaped animal. He secured his place among the stallions between four and ten years of age, not without a hard struggle with a stout competitor. The filly, Champion's Choice, of which we show a picture, was by the well-known sire, Childwick Champion, and was bred by Mr. Edward Green. The filly that was second to her was Christmas Rose, an animal in which Lord Rothschild must have taken a considerable amount of interest, as her sire was Birdsall Menestrel, champion in 1904 and 1907. She was bred by Mr. F. Farnsworth Hinckley. In the three year

old mare class, Lord Rothschild secured the first place with Cattlegate Rose, another offspring of Birdsall Menestrel, and she was also bred by Mr. John Bell of Cattlegate Farm, Enfield. Chiltern Maid won the mare championship of the show. She, too, is the offspring of Lockinge Forest King out of Aldenham Maud, and is a weighty yet good stepping mare with fine bone, good leather and grand feet. She is a tribute to Mr. Walter McCreery's skill in breeding. It is difficult to exaggerate the services rendered to agriculture by Lord Rothschild. The example he has set of purchasing Shires from the farmers is one certain to be followed now that it has been proved that good judgment in choosing such horses is likely to be rewarded with the highest honours in the Shire world. Those who think of breeding should take note that what is wanted now is a very thick-set "blocky" horse, high, and yet not revealing undue daylight beneath. The legs appear to be rather shorter than was formerly considered best, and in showing there is little of the fanciful manipulation that has hitherto been so noticeable. The success of Lord Rothschild at the show proved beyond the admission of a doubt that the stud does not depend on the blood within it, but on the intelligence and care with which it is managed. Dispersals may take place and fatalities may occur, such as those from which no stable is altogether exempt, but as long as the brain remains there that created those splendid collections of Shire horses which have been brought together in the past, there will always be the power to re-create any stud which may have been dispersed owing to one cause or another.

THE UNIVERSITY SPORTS.

QUEEN'S CLUB has certainly been fortunate in the matter of weather for its three University fixtures this winter. Last Saturday, as on the occasion of the Association football match, overcoats felt oppressively thick as the spectators took up their positions around the track. The crowd looked a small one for the occasion; but it must be remembered that the cinder track embraces much more ground than the ropes of the football ground. The undergraduate of to-day seems a strangely unenthusiastic creature. Rumours are heard of such things as "rags" in term time, but the chilliness of his demeanour when his University is fighting for points is disappointing in the extreme. The two incidents that stood out from the afternoon's sport were the magnificent fight for the Half between Messrs. Stormonth-Darling and Just and the performance of the Oxford second and third strings in the Three Miles. In the former, two gentlemen whose physique suggested pugilism rather than running were both in distress at "the distance," but sticking to it



MR. BAKER'S FINISH IN THE MILE.

with bulldog tenacity, they fought it out right on to the tape, Oxford gaining the race by a matter of inches. The Three Miles, though a runaway affair, aroused great admiration for the style and victory of Mr. Brown of Oriel. The Old Carthusian, unlike the half-milers, looks a born runner. Tall, with no weight to carry and with a stride that seemed never to shorten an inch the further he went, he paced easily along—and the pace by Cambridge for the first lap or two was extraordinarily fast—and when the time came for him to leave his second string, Mr. Mais, who also deserved much praise for his pacing, his sprint for the last lap was electrifying, and stirred even the most bored and lethargic spectator into loud applause.

After Mr. Hull, the American, and a Brasenose man had won the Hundred comparatively easily from Mr. Wetenhall and Mr. Ragg, the Cambridge pair, much interest centred in the Mile. In



THE END OF THE QUARTER.

this race for the first few laps the pace to the spectators seemed very slow, but Mr. Williamson was doing his pacing work with judgment, as the time of the winner showed. When he and Mr. Gilbey dropped out halfway through, Mr. Dawson took the field along, and after entering the last lap Mr. Baker began to force the pace. His effort was responded to by Mr. Hallows; but the Cambridge freshman had already gained an advantage coming along the line of hurdles, and this he more than maintained down the straight, running home a winner by some dozen yards, Mr. Cator running stoutly on into third place. Mr. Hallows would have made a better fight for it, it seemed, if his effort had been made sooner; but quite possibly, too, the verdict would have been the same, as Mr. Baker was going the stronger of the two at the finish.

Mr. Lindsay-Watson, of Trinity College and Glen Almond, fulfilled the expectation that he would beat the Inter-University record in Throwing the Hammer. His best throw was 148ft. 10in., beating the next best, Mr. Putnam's, by 5ft. 7in. It must have gone to the groundman's heart to see the havoc the "hammers" made of his beautiful turf. Simultaneously the High Jump was going on at the Pavilion end, and after a protracted struggle, Mr. Bellerby, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, won at 5ft. 8½in. Going on afterwards he cleared a height of 5ft. 11¾in., beating all records in the sports except Mr. Brook's 6ft. 2½in. in 1876. The Oxford first and second strings had an easy task in the Hurdles, and the time, 16sec., was good, though with the wind. Then came the best contested event of the day, the Half.



MR. BELLERBY CLEARING THE BAR.

The pacemakers did their work and dropped out, and then came the tussle between the cracks. Mr. Just led round the last turn, with Mr. Darling on his heels. Both were in distress, and it was either's race all up the straight. However, though neither flinched, the Oxford man just got his head in front at the last and won in 1min. 59sec. It was a fine exhibition of determination on the part of both men. "The Weight" went to Oxford, as did the Quarter-mile; in the latter the ankle of

Mr. Hull, who had slipped coming round a turn, gave way directly the post was passed. Mr. Murray of Trinity, Cambridge, took the Long Jump with 22ft. 0½in., and then came the Three-mile Race. Mr. Garrod, the Cambridge third string, took his field along at a rare pace for a lap, and continued to lead till the fourth lap, when he dropped out, followed a little later by Mr. Hooper. Mr. Hallows disappointed everyone by giving up in the third lap; but two long races in two hours was reason enough. Mr. Mais led his fellow-Oxonian along at a good pace. Mr. Brown going

easily within himself, and with a stride that never shortened an inch. The two drew away from the Cambridge representative, Mr. Selby-Lowndes, in the last lap but one, and then Mr. Brown, spurting the whole of the last lap in magnificent style, won by 100yds. or so from Mr. Mais, who had done yeoman work right through the race, and well deserved his second place, the Cambridge string being half a lap behind. Oxford had thus won six events to four, and the two Universities are now level with twenty-two wins each.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

FLIGHT OF DIFFERENT BALLS.

SIR RALPH PAYNE-GALLWEY'S experiments in ballistics are always interesting. It is singular that in England we have never had a machine, so far as I am aware, for mechanically testing a golf ball's flight, until Sir Ralph's trials, although they have had them, or at least one of them, in America, for a long while. One of the more interesting points brought out is the frequent error in the centre of gravity of the rubber-cored ball, and the extent to which such error increases the divergence caused by hook or slice. Evidently it is important that the centre of gravity should be correct. With the solid gutty ball, being homogeneous, there was, of course, very little of this trouble, though occasionally its centre of gravity was shifted owing to an air-bubble getting in. Firing the balls, as they come from the maker, out of his catapult, designed, rather on the model of the medieval stone-casting engines, to throw a ball about the same distance as a man can drive it with a driver, the experimenter found that the gutta-percha ball went furthest. Further, he found that against the wind a ball less nicked than the normal pattern went better than one with the normal nicking, and was also less diverted from the straight course by the action of a side wind. This was all in accord with what we should have expected, the smoother ball not gripping the air like one deeply nicked; but when the experiment was made with a smooth ball the result was surprising—to me at least.

TRIAL WITH SMOOTH BALLS.

Of course all who have made any experiments at all know that a smooth ball, whether of the rubber-cored or the solid kind, will not fly at all when driven from a club. What I had not expected is that the same result was seen when the ball was thrown. I had not realised how much a thrown ball depends for its flight on the gripping and packing of the air by its rotation and some uneven edges catching the air. We all know the old trick of professional bowlers, to emphasise the seam on a new cricket ball by raising its edge with a coin so as to make the ball swerve in the air. Should we, by using a cricket ball marked like a golf ball, be able to throw it 150yds.? Sir Ralph Payne-Gallwey ought to be able to tell us. Then, taking his

smooth ball, and nicking it with a pen-knife with about a third of an inch space between the nicks, he found this ball to go from his catapult better than any of the others. Increasing this nicking, he diminished the ball's flight, and drew the inference that our usual balls are nicked too copiously, and that the best device of all would be a raised marking something like the pattern on the rind of a melon.

FURTHER EXPERIMENTS.

In a second article which has appeared in *The Times* since the above notes were written, Sir Ralph tells us more particularly about the experiments in which he so arranged his engine as to hit the ball after the manner of a golf club. The length of carry obtained was not quite so great as when the balls were thrown; but, to quote his own words, "the individual results in distance and in deviation with a side wind exactly corresponded with the behaviour of the various balls when they were thrown." The carry of the poor old non-elastic gutty was within some 18yds. of that of its rubber-cored rivals; everyone would have expected it to come in last in the race, but 18yds. is a surprisingly large margin, which would, we fancy, be somewhat smaller if a very vigorous young golfer were substituted for the machine. What is more interesting is that when a rubber pad was fixed on to the striking arm the gutty went as far as any of the others, a fact which seems to show that which has been before alleged, namely, that it does not matter, roughly speaking, where you have your elasticity as long as you have it somewhere. Having finished with catapults, Sir Ralph next set himself to test the putting capacities of various balls by means of a billiard-table and an ingenious little contrivance that bowled the ball down the table at such a pace as "represented a slow putt of eight feet in length." In this trial the rubber-cored ball really behaved outrageously, for, whereas a wooden ball was perfectly accurate and a gutty maintained a reasonable standard, the rubber ball deviated into all sorts of places, including the corner pockets. On a piece of baize, which, of course, more nearly resembles an average green, the balls behaved far more reasonably, but still Sir Ralph is gravely displeased with them, and it certainly appears that golf-ball-makers ought to devote more attention to the centre of gravity. At the same time,

we must not think that every time we hit a feeble and hesitating sort of putt, which wanders away from the hole, we have only the ball-maker to blame. Nothing can diminish the truth of Tom Morris's statement, "The ball maun be hit."

LUCKY THIRTEEN.

The number thirteen has not its usual evil name in golf, unless we connect with the thirteenth hole the legend that two up and five to play never won a match. For some golfers the thirteenth would appear to be the luckiest hole in the world, as witness the following story which we received direct from the chief actor therein. The thirteenth hole at Harewood Downs is of a very respectable length, requiring in still weather a drive and a good iron shot; moreover, the green is on a slope, which renders putting a matter of the nicest calculation. On the thirteenth of February the hero of the story, playing the hole against the wind, holed out with his second—a full brassie shot. On the thirteenth of March he chanced to be playing with the same antagonist and remarked in an airy manner, "This is the hole I do in two"; thereupon he lifted up his mashie (the wind was this time behind him) and once more deposited the ball in the hole. Who has got a word to say against the number thirteen after this?

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLFERS.

The English lawn tennis team that has recently returned from touring in South Africa could turn out a very fairly strong golfing side, consisting of Mr. G. W. Hillyard, Dr. Eaves and Mr. R. F. Doherty, and this trio beguiled their spare moments in playing some matches on African courses. Two of these they won; but they found the golfers of Port Elizabeth too good for them—indeed, they found them very good. These golfing explorers report that Mr. Prentice, who learned his game at home in Scotland, is a fine player, but better still is Mr. Wynne, whose game is an entirely native product. He is said to be possessed of great power and to play all parts of the game thoroughly well; moreover, it is still more interesting to know that he intends to come over here some day soon and play in the championship, when he will be very welcome. The greens in South Africa are apparently made of a compound known as "Kimberley blue," which is as different from our putting greens as chalk from cheese, so that our visitor will doubtless have some putting difficulties to overcome. We hope he will soon find his way over here to tackle them.

FLAGS AND CATTLE.

The ground has been grievously soft lately as a result of the thaws after the snowstorms, and the putting greens in a condition to suffer very badly from the trampling of horses, cattle, or even sheep. There are still a great many golf courses on which the neighbouring residents have the right of grazing their beasts, though the number of privately owned greens increases every day. On the private courses the cattle can be kept off; where this cannot be done it is a very simple and useful precaution to take the flags out of the holes every evening when the ground is soft. They need not be taken away. If they are laid on the ground just beside the holes it is enough, though perhaps it is better to take them off the green altogether. Standing in their usual way in the hole, they very evidently act as an attraction to any cattle, especially young stock, to come and examine them, rub themselves against them, if they are big enough to give any satisfaction, butt at them with their heads, or dance a kind of Maypole dance about them, to the destruction of the green.

CADIGO.

Of all the games which the idleness and ingenuity of the golfer have devised to combine cards with some semblance of golf, in order to while away a long evening or a snowy day, there is none so good as that of Cadigo, which was brought out last year. It needed the snowy days for the present writer to make full acquaintance with it, for it is a little complicated to learn. If it had no complications it could not have much interest. The idea is to have maps of eighteen holes (in the present issue the eighteen maps, bound in a book, are of the Brancaster course, but others, more classical, are promised) and six packs of cards, with fifty-two clubs of the same species in each pack—*i.e.*, fifty-two driver shots, putter shots, etc.—but with a great variety in the merit of the shots played with each club. You may take your "eye off" with a niblick card (several are thus labelled), or you may actually "hole out" with another card of the niblick pack. The places on the maps to which each stroke, or card, takes you are marked for you, and the scoring is as in golf. Major Oswald Ames drew the maps, and drew them well. It is quite amusing to fancy yourself in the hazards of a course you know, and really, once learnt so that it can be played quickly, the game is quite a good one, and it is the only game of its sort, perhaps, that is good.

"THE ABERDEEN GOLFERS."

THE latest addition to the valuable and interesting histories that have been written of local golf and golf clubs is "The Aberdeen Golfers," a work which Mr. Charles Smith, an old member of the Aberdeen Golf Club, has just issued. The Aberdeen Golf Club is one of the oldest in the world. The original "Society of Golfers at Aberdeen" was founded in 1780, but there are local records which show that there was golf on the Aberdeen links more than two hundred years earlier; and although there is evidence that the game was played, sporadically, even further north, in such places as Dornoch and the Orkneys, at the same early date, Aberdeen was for several centuries practically the Ultima Thule of golf. The Aberdeen Golf Club was founded in 1815, and the club minute books, to which Mr. Smith has had full access, present an unbroken record of the club's history, right back to that historic year. Most entertaining is the picture which the author gives of the doings of these old-time Scottish golfers, of the uniforms they wore, the rules they made, the bets they won and lost, and the dinners they ate after their matches and competitions on the links "looking out on the cold North Sea." Like their contemporaries at Leith, Blackheath and elsewhere, the old Aberdeen Golfers were most convivial souls. Thus at

one club dinner, we read in the minutes, Messrs. Angus and Morice were fined a magnum (of claret) each for proposing and seconding a toast that had already been given, "thereby reflecting on the sobriety of the party." Of another dinner it is recorded, "the chairman did his duty so effectually that those present recollect nothing that happened—not even that the following matches were made and seconded," etc.; of yet another, that "the gallant Captain led the members into and through the action in style, and little need be said of the victory, except that six dozen and ten dead men were found upon the field next morning." As there were just twenty-four members at this dinner, the flowing bowl must have circled pretty freely.

But turning for a moment to Mr. Charles Smith's researches into the early history of golf on the Aberdeen links before there was any golf club, he has made at least one extremely interesting find, which, on the face of it, appears to be of great historical value. This is an extract from the Burgh Records of Aberdeen, of date December 28th, 1625, describing a muster on the links of the armed forces of the town. After detailing the various arms, the muscateres, the pickmen, and those that carrit two-handet swordis, the record proceeds:

they merchet all in ordour and rank in that pairt of the townes linkes quhair the toune heirtofore hes ewer beine in use to mak thair mustures, to wit in the principall pairt of the linkes betwixt the first hole and the Quenis hole, and having merchet thair a certain space, they then returned in orlour to the townes.

There does not seem to be much doubt that the holes referred to in this passage were golf holes; indeed, their nomenclature almost precludes any other supposition, and if they were golf holes, the value of the find consists in this—that it fixes the playing of Scottish golf at holes nearly a hundred years earlier than any other extant record. The earliest mention of golf at holes in Scotland that has so far been discovered is in a poem by James Arbuckle of Glasgow, of date 1721, and some have therefore argued that up to that date golf was merely a primitive stick and ball game like shinty, or, at best, played at upright marks in the Dutch fashion. Mr. Charles Smith takes up no dogmatic position in the matter, but it certainly seems as if he had established an important fact bearing on the antiquity of the Scottish game as we now play it.

The Rules of Golf which the original Society of Golfers at Aberdeen drew up for themselves in 1783 are extremely interesting. The code is short, and of Spartan rigour and simplicity. The Aberdeen Golfers were the first to enact that a lost ball meant a lost hole, and it may be news to many people that St. Andrews did not adopt this ruling till as late as 1875. The Aberdeen stymie rule was also the same as that now in force, but their Draconian view of golf law is perhaps best shown by their rule that "no stones, loose sand, or other impediments shall be removed when putting at the hole." How would this suit some of our modern hay-seed pickers?

Mr. Charles Smith has made a most interesting discovery about this early code. It had recently been noted that there was a very close similarity between the first extant code of the Blackheath Golf Club of date 1828 and this first Aberdeen code of 1783. The rules followed the same general order, carried the same penalties and were almost identical in phraseology, and they were quite distinct from the codes of Fife and the Lothians, which are all obviously based on a common ancestor, probably the first code of the Honourable Company, which has not survived. The puzzle was to account for the similarity between the Aberdeen and the Blackheath codes, as there appeared to have been no kinship or connection between the two clubs. The mystery is cleared up by Mr. Charles Smith. One of the leading players, and the first captain, of the Aberdeen Golf Club in 1815 was a Mr. William Black, and from the club minutes it appears that, a few years later, he went to live in London. Mr. Black joined the Blackheath Club in 1820, and, as can be seen in Mr. Hughes's "Chronicles of the Blackheath Golfers," he soon became its moving spirit. He was a frequent winner of the club trophies for about ten years, and his name constantly appears in the minutes as the hero of matches in which he played other members with his putter alone, and as making other unusual bets, which he usually won. In 1828 he was captain of the club, and it was in this year that the Blackheath code which bears such a family likeness to the Aberdeen code was drawn up. The code, as we read in the Blackheath minutes, was drawn up by the captain and one or two of the council, and the conclusion is irresistible that it was Mr. Black's influence and authority that led to the adoption of the main fabric of the code under which he had first played at Aberdeen.

There are accounts of matches on the Aberdeen links between those heroes of the past, Young Tom Morris and Davie Strath, between Tom Kydd and Bob Ferguson, while Old Tom Morris, Old Willie Park, Jamie Anderson and many another champion were also frequent visitors. The book is profusely illustrated with pictures and fine portraits of the Aberdeen Golfers from the foundation of the club to the present day. Altogether this volume is a most handsome memorial of a historic club and a notable addition to the history and literature of the Royal and Ancient game.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RINGING OF BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I thank you very much for your most kindly mention of my ringed birds in COUNTRY LIFE, March 13th. Indeed, the ringing of wild birds is a very interesting sport, and if some energetic English sportsmen would set to work with the matter, there is no doubt that it should be of use to science. Several Englishmen already are at work with ringing, as Mr. J. H. Gurney, of Keswick Hall, Norwich, has told me that he, in 1904, marked forty young and fifty-two old gannets; and Mr. Claud B. Tie-hurst, Guy's Hospital, London, in 1908, ringed about 200 starlings and thrushes; Mr. R. Tomlinson, of Musselburgh in Scotland, has marked starlings; Lord William Percy, Alnwick, woodcock, etc. The marking is, however, but the one half of the work; the trapping of the marked birds is the other. You suggest the marking of young English starlings. All right. But starlings hatched in England, perhaps, migrate to France, and there are no trappers of these birds there. Here in Denmark I trap starlings, and perhaps more of my friends will go on with the same work; we catch the birds in the summer and the autumn, and I think that several of these birds should be trapped in England in the winter. And when Englishmen catch starlings in Great Britain in winter, and ring them, I believe (as I have written to you) that we shall have several of them here in Denmark in the summer. If sportsmen in Holland and France also would catch and ring starlings in winter, there should soon be a system in the work. Do any of your readers know sportsmen in the countries named?—H. CHR. C. MORTENSEN, Viborg, Denmark.

THE ROOSEVELT TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with some interest a letter in your paper over the signature of Mr. Simms on the Roosevelt golden trout. I had already followed carefully the reports issued by the Department of Fisheries in Washington on this discovery; but I think from the evidence to hand it appears to me to be only a local variety of trout indigenous to the inland waters of North America, i.e., *Salmo Clarkii*. I have seen this latter fish so divergent in coloration in the Rockies and the Sierras that to the ordinary observer it would undoubtedly pass for distinct species. Some years ago I imported the ova of a particular yellow-coloured type of *S. Clarkii* from Colorado, but on rearing the fish to a mature state I found the native coloration had disappeared. I fear this so-called new species will meet with the same fate on introduction to waters different from those in which it was first found. A great mistake has arisen, I venture to think, on the other side of the Atlantic in multiplying "species"; "varieties" I can forgive, though most of the latter revert to the dominant on transportation to different waters. As time goes on I feel sure American ichthyologists, particularly the economic branch of them, will realise, as the practical fish culturist has found over here, that these varied types are never retained permanently. From coloured pictures I have seen, this *Salmo Rooseveltii* must indeed be a beautiful fish in the water of its origin, and my only wish is that it will maintain its reputation in other waters into which it will be transplanted. No fish are so apt to vary according to their surroundings as the minor salmonidae; we have many examples in this country with our native *S. fario*. I am treading on dangerous ground, I know, but zoologically I cannot admit of more than one true trout in Northern Europe, any more than I can bring myself to believe there are more than two, if so many, species indigenous to North America.—J. B. FRILAND.

ROMSEY ABBEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Though I do not wish to express any opinion on the merits or otherwise of the porch which it is proposed to add to Romsey Abbey, I think it is only right to point out that Mr. Tipping's statement of his views is not free from inaccuracies similar to those occurring in his attack on the new gallery in Winchester College Chapel, to which you kindly allowed me to draw attention. To the best of my knowledge there is no Norman work dating earlier than the nineteenth century in the aisle to which the porch is to be attached; and the proposed porch itself seems, as far as one can judge from Mr. Caröe's drawing, to be Early English in design throughout. I, at any rate, can see no trace of Norman or "mock-Norman" work in the corbel table or elsewhere.—OLIM SCHOLARIS.

[That "Olim Scholaris" succeeded in pointing out inaccuracies is merely his own assumption.—ED.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It is some forty years ago since I sold Bartley Manor House; but when living there, Romsey Abbey was the chief lion which I always took my friends to see. I know it well, and strongly deprecate any alteration or addition to the grand old building which does not entirely harmonise with the original structure.—E. W. DOUGLAS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It was with much astonishment that I, in common with many of your readers, perused Mr. H. Avray Tipping's vehement condemnation of the proposal to rebuild a porch at Romsey Abbey. Whatever may be the aesthetic principles involved, it is impossible not to wish that the article had been written with more accurate knowledge of the subject under discussion. In almost every sentence he displays a lack of information, which necessarily lays him open to severe criticism, even from those who are in sympathy with his object. He is not aware that a third of Romsey Abbey is not Norman, but Early English. He is not aware that the proposed porch is an integral part of the Early English portion. He is not aware that what he calls the "old

(Norman) Corbel Table" is a modern reconstruction upon which the "pure air" of Romsey must have had a remarkable effect for him to detect upon its surface "the patina of long exposure." Thus not only does he apparently fail to distinguish between Norman and Early English, but he mistakes Restoration work of 1870 for part of the original fabric. Surely the critic who condemns an architect for rebuilding in "imitative modern work" might be expected to know it when he sees it! If I were writing as the champion of Mr. Caröe I should find a singular pleasure in disposing of Mr. Tipping's arguments. What finer target would one wish than Mr. Tipping's parade of architectural knowledge, combined with blunders which would not be committed by any but the most ignorant amateur? But all questions of competency apart, an elementary sense of justice should have deterred him from travestying the character of Mr. Caröe's design. Since reading his article, I have examined the drawing in the church, and I find that, so far from the upper part of the porch possessing the "massive mock-Norman character" with which he credits it, it carries out with faithful exactitude the characteristic features of the Early English portion to which it belongs. Indeed, after Mr. Tipping's appreciation of the old (?) Corbel Table, it is more than probable that in another thirty years he will be attributing Mr. Caröe's new work to the "fine builders of the thirteenth century." Among other inaccuracies I noted his description of the "fanciful carvings of figures and canopy work standing on a stone shelf like china ornaments on a Victorian mantel-board," but on closely examining the design I find he owes his facts to his prejudice, and his wit to his vivid imagination. There is no such shelf. While I quite sympathise with the objection of any lovers of the Abbey who dislike the addition of new work to old, I would submit that their advocacy would have been far more forcible without Mr. Tipping's unfortunate misrepresentations and regrettable acerbity of tone.—AN INHABITANT OF ROMSEY.

[We forwarded this communication to Mr. Tipping, who replies to it in the letter that follows.—ED.]

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent who signs himself "An Inhabitant of Romsey" cautiously refrains from touching on my main argument that the vicar and architect ought to have been prevented from erecting the porch (which is not "proposed" but *on order*) by their own professions and principles. Of course, he may hold that this porch is "integral," or "Early English," just as I may hold that nothing could be less an integral part of the building it is to be set on to than is this porch; that it is neither Early English nor of any other recognised mediæval style; that not only in the sketch which is in the Abbey, but still more so in the scale elevation which is not in the Abbey, the figures appear to stand on stonework which may be rightly described as a shelf. These are matters of opinion on which we are free to differ. But he is not free to make false statements when he attacks anyone by name, even though he takes refuge behind the petticoat of anonymity. I would venture to suggest to him that if he has a weakness for practising the art of "terminological inexactitudes" he should at least take some preliminary lessons. His present attempt is too crude. To his gratuitously offensive assertion that I am not aware that a part of Romsey Abbey is not Norman, I answer that that is a statement which he has not even a semblance of evidence to support. Had he even read the article which he thinks fit to comment upon he would have seen that, though it was no part of my purpose to describe the church, yet I guarded myself against any possible honest misconception by saying that "most of the fabric" was Norman. What else can those words mean except that I was aware that some part, less than one-half, was not Norman; and wherein do they run counter to his own view that "one-third is not Norman but Early English"? As a matter of fact, that is a clumsy and inaccurate way of putting it. No section of the Abbey Church can be called pure and undiluted Early English. Perhaps the shortest way of stating the case fairly is to say that the further we move westward down the nave the more do we find Gothic forms preponderating over Romanesque forms, yet without ever completely overwhelming them. This transition is absorbingly interesting, and to assume that anyone could overlook it, even at a first glance, is surely the act of a simpleton. But is this letter really an open attack on me, or is it a covert one on the vicar? Remember that it was not I but the vicar who, in the official pamphlet sold in the Abbey, appeals for funds to "make it the most perfect specimen of Norman Architecture among our Parish Churches," and uses those funds to build a porch which this parishioner informs him, through your columns, imitates Early English "with faithful exactitude." Again, it is not I but the vicar who calls special attention to the corbel table as "one of the most beautiful features" of a church which "stands as of old." And now this awkward parishioner, who knows so much about it that he can put us all to rights, rudely tells him that his "beautiful feature" dates from the year 1870, and that it is proof of the deepest ignorance to use the word "old" in reference to it, although it is used in reference to the original design rather than to the original material. It has been my lot, I am sorry to say, as a stranger alluding only to his public and official acts, to object to the vicar's action. But I really think it is hard on him to be thus castigated by his omniscient parishioner. His letter would be ludicrous if it were not so disingenuous. I really cannot let pass his imposture of pretending that I said, as regards the corbel table, that I "detected upon its surface 'the patina of long exposure.'" The phrase as to the patina is quite clearly applied, and very rightly so applied, to the "venerable pile"—to the Abbey as a whole. No ordinary manipulation could possibly make it appear to be limited to any section whatever, least of all to one that has been renewed, and no honest critic would be guilty of such an act. I do not envy your correspondent his ethics, and trust they are not common under the shadow of Romsey Abbey.—H. AVRAY TIPPING.

A RARE HYBRID PHEASANT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The readers of COUNTRY LIFE may be interested to know that Captain J. H. Cuthbert, D.S.O., has just presented to the Natural History Museum a remarkably beautiful hybrid pheasant, a cross between the male Japanese pheasant (*Phasianus versicolor*) and a female golden pheasant (*Chrysolophus pictus*), a cross which, I need hardly remark, is rare. A minute analysis of the plumage of this bird has not yet been made, and it must suffice, therefore, for the present to say that it presents a curious blend of both species. The red face wattles of the pheasant, for example, are only half the usual size; there are no "horns," and the crown resembles that of the golden pheasant. Similarly, the breast feathers, both in texture and colour, recall those of the latter species, being of a rich golden hue, and the same is true of the rump feathers, which are not of the long, loose character of the typical pheasant. The tail favours the male parent, but the plumage of the scapulars and back, on the other hand, in the pattern of the feathers, approaches more nearly to that of the golden pheasant.—W. P. PYCRAFT.

UNIDENTIFIED BIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Recently when travelling in the train across the marshes outside Marazion (Cornwall) I observed a large bird rise from the sedges; in shape and flight and size it resembled a heron, but in colour it was similar to a hen pheasant. I had not time to notice if it had a crest or not, as it dropped again almost immediately. I hope that perhaps you or one of your readers may be able to inform me through the columns of your interesting paper what kind of bird this was. I have always been interested in studying English wild birds and have had some considerable opportunity of doing so, but I have never seen anything like this before.—EVANS LINTON.

[From our correspondent's description it seems pretty certain that the bird was a bittern. It is possible that a pair may have settled in this neighbourhood, in which case we trust that no pains will be spared to save them from molestation during the breeding season. There is no reason why these birds should not still breed with us, and they would do so, in suitable localities, but for the maniac in search of rare birds.—ED.]

PEREGRINE FALCONS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the interesting paper of "H. A. B." in your issue of February 27th, particularly to the account of the peregrine falcons, when a young man (I am now old), many years ago, walking from Teignmouth to Torquay on the road above a plantation, which reaches nearly to the sea and is inhabited by many rabbits, I saw a rabbit running along the road in front of me, pursued by a peregrine falcon, which was close to the rabbit. The road at this point being very winding, they soon passed beyond my sight, but I have no doubt that the rabbit was speedily captured. A pair of peregrine falcons some years ago nested in the cliffs at Teignmouth, and another pair at the Orestone Rock at sea, about six miles distant. For many years builders have been busy, and the large birds have retired to a distance from the town where they are more quiet. The buzzard, which was not infrequent on Dartmoor, is now a rarity.—W. R. H. Y.

TREE ROOTS AND DRAIN-PIPES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I notice an interesting photograph in your issue of March 6th. I think it is very useful as a warning to those responsible for laying drains in the neighbourhood of trees and shrubs; but your correspondent may mislead some persons by mentioning only the poplar as being responsible for such damage. I am sorry to say I have found very many similar instances of blocked drains arising from the growth of roots that have penetrated them—the roots of all trees will do this under favourable circumstances, though, possibly, there is more danger from the poplar, willow and other similar trees that need considerable root moisture. A very common mistake is made in laying a main drain down a hedge-side dyke; in the course of a few years the drain becomes blocked, as shown in the picture; the same thing happens where land-drains cross under hedges unless precautions are taken. Unfortunately, one cannot rely upon cement-jointed, socketed tubes unless they are embedded in concrete about 3 in. thick around the whole of their circumference in the neighbourhood of the sockets. I have had these tubes (jointed in cement) taken up, and found in several cases a single fine rootlet had penetrated a slight defect in the cement jointing—in one case the diameter of the rootlet was not thicker than a pin, but, notwithstanding this, the rootlet had grown into a thick, fibrous mass that had completely blocked the drain. The reason roots penetrate into drains is, of course, to obtain moisture; such being the case, it appears better to provide the moisture outside the drain-pipe as a "counter-attraction." This can be done in many instances by digging the drain a little deeper than is necessary for the gradient of the pipe—say, 3 in. or 4 in. deeper—and filling in this depth with brick rubble, gravel, cinders, or some such porous substance that will always retain water and, in fact, convey it down the gradient of the pipe-line. The tree roots, if they find sufficient moisture in this rubble drain, will probably not enter the pipe drain. I have adopted this course several times and, as yet, have not found a drain blocked again by the roots in those instances. It is almost unnecessary to say that where it is possible all drains for surface water should be open dykes in the neighbourhood of trees.—S. CORLMORE JONES.

MAKING A ROSE GARDEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent "M." in your last issue: (1) The manure was rammed down level with the surrounding ground. The better soil taken from immediately beneath the turf was placed on the manure, rammed and raised to a height of 8 in. above the level of the paths. The rose trees were planted in this soil and rammed down. (The rose trees

were budded and not grafted.) (2) The manurial value of fresh peat moss manure as a plant food depends entirely on the quantity of nitrates contained in it. The source of the nitrates in the manure is from the urine of the animal using it as litter. The scientific use of the fresh manure lies in the fact that the nitrates are contained in the peat and so are readily washed down by the rains, thus giving for a time a constant supply of nitrogenous material to the roots. The stems of the rose trees were entirely surrounded by the peat moss. Peat moss contains little or no sulphates, and so differs from straw litter, which contains many sulphates. These sulphates are injurious to plant-life when placed directly in contact with plants. (3) I planted over eighty more rose trees last autumn, and most of these were grown from cuttings. All these trees were treated in precisely the same way as those in my rose garden and not one of them has died. (4) The iron arches—nine in number—were galvanised but not painted. (5) The usual best varieties were planted.—CARRINGTON SYKES.

AN OCCASIONAL ORCHARD-HOUSE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or one of your correspondents favour me with advice as to the utility or otherwise of an unwarmed orchard-house? A neighbour's rather small garden shares the wall against which I might build a greenhouse, and I fear that a furnace for hot-water heating would be a nuisance to him. Would it be worth while to put up a house—say, of three bays—to have no other warming than the sun, and in severe cold two strong lamps to exclude frost? It is a south exposure, and I presume that, under a three-quarter span, peaches could be grown against the wall to ripen about a fortnight earlier than outside, with insurance against disappointing spring frosts; that camellias might be grown in a central bed, spring bulbs in a front border, three vines under the roof, and any vacant floor space (sunk 3 ft., except for border against wall) occupied with orchard-house trees in pots.—SOUTH BUCKS.

[Such a house can be made both interesting and useful. It is better that no heat at all be used, not even, as suggested, of "two strong lamps." Both camellias and peaches require no heat; in fact, they will both thrive better without any. Occasional warmth even to exclude frost only would be harmful rather than otherwise. The better arrangement would be to plant the camellias next the back wall. The partial shade of the peaches in front of them would be favourable to their well-being, whereas the shade of the camellias would be prejudicial to the peaches. The vines, as suggested, might be grown under the roof. For this purpose the Sweetwater would be the better choice. The orchard-house trees in pots could be arranged, as proposed, along the front. Some spring bulbs could be grown also, but these should be considered quite as a supplementary crop, and should be in pots for removal outside later in the spring. The orchard-house trees in pots would not require the room under glass all the season. After these have fruited the space they occupy could be given over to housing chrysanthemums in pots, bringing the pot fruit trees back again before Christmas and after the potting has been attended to.—ED.]

A CURIOUS HAWTHORN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose two sections cut from the branches of an old thorn tree blown down by the last gale. You will notice the perfect imprint of a leaf, or, rather, leaves, on each section cut from different branches, the larger being of greater clearness. Kindly let me know if this is a rarity or not. As far as I can see, the imprint started from the trunk and has gone on through all the branches. You need not trouble to return these, as I have other sections.—W. HERON MAXWELL.

[These dark-coloured sections that have brought the idea of leaves to the writer's mind are a phase in the ripening of wood. Just as sometimes one sees the dark mottle in oak timber forming the red oak, so valued in the market, so here in decaying wood, here and there, is a great excess of the natural coloration. We very often have submitted to us natural growths in which fancy sees figures which are purely accidental.—ED.]

"WATER-BOUGHS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you tell me what water-boughs are? I have a piece of ground in Herts on which I may not cut down the trees but may cut the water-boughs.—REGINALD E. THOMPSON.

SWIMMING MONKEYS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I saw it stated in your last issue under "Shooting" that all mammals with the exception of monkeys are able to swim. This statement is wrong. Having been in Assam for the last five years, tea planting, I have frequently seen monkeys swim. In the cold weather, when driving strips of jungle for jungle-fowl (mourghi) and pheasant (darik) towards some river 15 yds. to 20 yds. across, and 3 ft. to 4 ft. deep, troops of monkeys driven in front of the beaters will take to the water and swim across and disappear into the jungle the other side. This I have seen several times. A good many planters keep tame monkeys chained up as pets, and the greatest treat you can give them is a bath full of water, which they enjoy thoroughly, staying under water some considerable time. In fact, at one bungalow which I visited frequently were kept two monkeys and three dogs, and it was the most amusing thing in the world to take them all down to a large tank which supplied the tea-house boilers with water. Monkeys and dogs would all jump in together and have a great game. If one of the dogs swimming was catching up with one of the monkeys, the latter would immediately dive and come up twenty yards away under the bank, and hide till one of the dogs found him again. So I think this rather proves that monkeys, both in a wild state and domesticated, can and do swim. I may say these monkeys were the ordinary small jungle monkey and not the hoolook or hoolooman, both of which we also get in Assam.—PLANTER.



A FAMOUS BEECH HEDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The remarkable beech hedge shown in the illustration is probably the finest of its kind in the United Kingdom, and forcibly demonstrates the value of this plant for hedges. It is situated on the estate of the Marquess of Lansdowne, Meikleour, Blairgowrie, on the main road from Blairgowrie to Perth. Every few years this hedge has to be cut, this operation being carried out as recently as last autumn, telescopic apparatus being then brought from London for the purpose. Planted in 1715, this hedge is now over 100ft. high, its total length being one-third of a mile.—W. J. FAIR.

ENGLISH EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—“W. G. W.” is perfectly correct in his supposition. I know from personal experience that there is an enormous demand in London for really fresh eggs, and that anyone who has them to dispose of will find no difficulty in selling them to private customers at a more remunerative price than it is possible to obtain in any other way.—B.

SPORT IN THE TRANSVAAL AND RHODESIA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers tell me exactly what kind of big and other game-shooting a party of us, trekking from Pietersburg (Transvaal) to the Limpopo and beyond into Rhodesia, are likely to get during June, July, August and September? We propose travelling by donkey-waggon. I know the shooting is some of the best to be found in Africa, and we expect many fine skins and trophies. It is to be a rough and ready affair, composed only of people willing to do things for themselves—eight of us in all. Any information will be acceptable. The climate, I know, is perfect—E. M.

[For three days north of Pietersburg the country consists of open high

veldt, on which there are plenty of koorhans; the next three days there is very little game, the country being waterless bush veldt. Within two days of the Limpopo the country becomes beautiful and park-like, with baobab and other trees. There are a few koodoos and sable antelope close to the river; but they are much disturbed by passing trekkers. Crossing by the Middle Drift into Rhodesia, game is found all along the north bank. For two days north around the M'zingwani and Babye game is found—waterbuck, bushbuck, scattered bands of roan, and perhaps lions. As the party are using a donkey-waggon, they should take the hunters' road from here right through to the Sabi. It is a week's hard going over waterless country. On the plains this side of the Sabi there are plenty of sable and roan and a few koodoos near the river; waterbuck also are plentiful. Elephants can still be found on the Sabi, with hippo and buffalo. Pallah, leopard and blue wildebeest should be obtained. From here it would be advisable to trek towards Portuguese East Africa into Gazaland. We suggest to our correspondent that eight is an absurd number if they are all going to hunt. Four is enough, and two plenty.—ED.]

THE DRAGON-FLY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows a dragon-fly which has just passed through its final stage of development. It is seldom that anyone ever sees a dragon-fly at this stage of its life-history, and much less often has the observer a chance of photographing it. The larva, the case of which is shown on the right, had crawled up the tree out of a pond close by.—B. T. JAMES.



ETYMOLOGY OF THE WORD “MERLE.”

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you, or any of your correspondents, kindly give me information as to the meaning and derivation of the word “merle,” as applied to blue or merle collies. I can find nothing that bears on it in any dictionary. Also, is the merle or blue collie a new breed, or an old one revived?—BUNNY.

[The word merle means a blackbird—from the Latin *merula*. Marled, not merle, is the correct adjective as applied to this collie. It is a very old variety, and was common forty years ago, when they were called marbled collies. (Marled is a corruption of marbled.) It is in many respects the most beautiful of the collie kind and is now much sought after. The present type of this colour is inferior to the sables and tricolours in many points, particularly in the head, though some good specimens have lately been exhibited. One of the best is Southport Silver King, which was shown by Mr. W. E. Mason at the last Kennel Club Show.—ED.]

AN INDIAN STREET WEAVER.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The accompanying photograph shows an Indian woman at work in a public street. Some of these itinerant weavers are really clever artisans and perform marvels of decorative work with their crude weaving-machines.—P.

